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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO IMOGINE.

It's listen'd to thy mournful lay
O! love's regret, and pleasure's fleetness,
Of earthly joys, which fade away
E'en while we revel in their sweetness.

So false you say are friendship's vows,
We dare not trust the bliss they give:
The wreathes of fame that deck our brows
Soon fade—then wherefore do we live?

And may I ask why one so young,
With beaming eyes and brow of gladness,
Upon whose life kind Heav'n has flung
With spring hand the tinder of sadness,

Can thus indulge these strains of grief
And murmuring ask why do we live!
As if our sore souls finds no relief,
But what the silent grave can give.

Go ask you zealous christian why—
And he will say, tho' earthly joy
Will quickly fade away and die,
Like a sunshine dark'ning storms destroy,

We live, to celebrate His praise,
Who bore, for us the load of sin;
We live, our warning voice to raise,
From death the child of guilt to win.

We live, the widow's heart to cheer,
The hapless orphan's life to bless,
To dry the weeping mourner's tear,
To mitigate the Slave's distress.

We live, the children of the poor
To teach from vice and crime to flee,
To heathen fools to ope the door
Of Gospel light and liberty.

We live, the painful cross to bear,
That when life's weary race is run,
Bright glory's crown our brows may wear;
The conflict past,—the vict'ry won.

Go thou, thy leisure hours employ
In acts like these:—nor love's deceit,—
Nor friendships change, nor failing joy,—
Nor short-lived pleasures, frail as sweet,

Will waken in thy breast a sigh,—
Secure in an almighty friend,
Whose praise will never, never die;
Whose love can know no change, or end.

And then when on the bed of death,
From friends, and earthly all you sever,
Rejoicing you will yield your breath,
Nor fear to die—to live forever.

ROSABEL.

TO THE LAUREL.

Wild plant of renown! thou'rt flourishing now,
In greenness fresh on the mountain's brow;
While summer flowers that by thy side
Were gay in the light of their bloomy pride,
Have faded and gone like the passing gleam
Of the rainbow's hues on the sparkling stream.
The chilly breath of the Autumn blast,
O'er thy native hill hath in darkness past'd,
And deadly frost, 'neath the pall of night,
Stole on thy boughs in its voiceless blight:—
The cheery tone of the morning bird
In the clustering boughs are no longer heard;
The trees all around thee are stripp'd and bare,
For the tempest wild was careering there:
Yet thy leaves as bright and as fair are seen
As when Spring threw o'er thee her robes of green.

IGNATIUS.

Aye, I know thee well,
And it is thou
Who binds the brow,
Where once the raven ringlets fell,
With wreaths of snow.

Hence within the aching heart
Thou hast a place,
No smiling face
Nor all the vain attempts of art
Can hide thy traces.

Where is the lustre of the eye,
Oh it has fled
And the cheeks red—
And thou—thou heart-corroding sigh,
On them hast fed.

Where is that beaming smile whose bright
And gentle play,
Like Sol's first ray,
When we have seen the clouds of night
To morn give way.

Where is that soul enkindling voice,
Whose mellow tone,
At evening borne,
Seem'd the gale made nature to rejoice;
Ye too have gone—

That fragrant step I love to see
Which lately prun'd
Earth's flowering beauty;
Where is it, ere I ask of thee—
Gone with the rest—

And is it thou Anxiety
That thou hast cast
Thy withering blast
O'er days which but for tyrant thee
Had tranquil past'd.

LILLA.

RELIGION.

Long Religion! heavenly maid on high,
Sister of truth and meek-eyed charity,
What nobler theme can wake the Poet's lyre,
Than that which gives to life its sweetest balm,
To death, the purest, brightest gift of Heaven?
What nobler theme can rouse the soul to fame,
Than that which plucks the poisonous thorns of vice,
And scatters a death bed environ to the proud?
Who can elate, exalt, relieve the soul,
Like the pure essence of the Deity
Or who gives room for joy in feeble man,
Like that which death himself cannot destroy?
While worlds on worlds, with all their golden store,
Cannot buy, (until eternal ages run,)
Call down a thousandth part from distant sphere,
And call bright orbs, ten thousand times as large,
To form'd to diamonds of the purest ray,
Religion still would far outweigh them all,
And far outshine the brightest of the throng—
A ray of light, a word of light,
The pure undefiled essence of his blood;
Was time our Saviour on the mountain died
Humbly atoning for a world of sin.
God is the fountain the light or rather sun,
From whence the rays of bright religion fell,
And shine upon the darken'd souls of earth.
Who then would give it for the wealth of worlds?
Since worlds and wealth can't rescue from the grave,
Nor save the wretched from the pangs of hell.
I would not give it for the Universe,
Tho' it were hung with golden worlds all o'er,
Num'rous as sands on every shore on earth,
And every grain ten thousand multiplied.
Since 'tis the price I pay for Paradise,
And Paradise is purchased for no less,
Why not exchange for such a vast amount?
Because my soul's immortal. But those suns
Which hang you feeble around in pomp's array,
Shall soon expire nor leave one trace behind.
And shall not Paradise as well expire,
When time shall tumble down eternity,
And lose his life amid the general wreck?
No: time is lent a remnant left to burn
His shortning wick, and leave the world in night:
But thou, my Soul, in immortality
Shalt ever flourish in eternal day,
When all those worlds to atoms shall be dash'd,
And crumbling, sink, to primal Chaos' gloom.
Robed in *Religion*, thou shalt take thy flight
Beyond the stars where brighter suns shall shine,
And one eternal Spring in beauty bloom.
O what a ransom did our Christ perform,
When like a lamb, he gave his blessed life
In crucifixion, this poor soul to save,
And snatch it from the raging gulph of hell!
Then let me sing till all the earth rejoice,
Nor thou, dark infidel, do thou essay
To crush my harp of minstrelsy, for I
Have wound thee, blest Religion, to my breast,
To guard my way up to the gates of Heaven.

MILFORD BARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO SYLVIA.

It is true that the tender and susceptible heart enjoys the sunshine of life, with that exquisite relish which is unknown to the frigid and unfeeling; and it is equally true, that sorrow and disappointment falls upon the feeling mind, with a stunning violence which is never felt by those of more tranquil anticipations, and less vivid imaginations. Therefore, if the sweet predominates over the bitter in the cup of life, he whose sense of feeling is most acute, experiences the greatest portion of pleasure. But if the bitter chalice be most profusely charged, (and will not the experience of the generality of mankind allow this to be the case,) he whose taste is least pungent, will be least annoyed by the nauseous draught. There is one season of delight in the life of man: the period of infancy, when the heart neither tainted by vice, nor goaded by reflection, looks forth upon a gay and smiling world. Why does the home of our childhood, and the scenes of early life appear in after years so enchanting? and whence our attachment to the trees, under whose friendly shade we have whiled away many a sultry summer day? the lanes and paths which our infant feet have pressed, and the stream whose murmuring has oft times soothed the musings of the experienced mind; why do they reflect so bright a sunshine, and assume so lovely a shade? This regard for inanimate objects, springs not alone from habit and long association; one reason why we dwell with pleasure upon the memory of hours past in their peaceful society, is, that they were hours of innocence, and happy ignorance of the vanity and the deceitfulness of the world. In the remembrance of former times, the sweet is mingled with regret and keen anguish, and bids the tear of sorrow to flow for the loved companions of life's early day, whose bud of promise, like the rose of spring, nipt by untimely frost, withered away and died. Who that has seen the pale messenger of death, seize upon a friend dear as their own soul, nay even more; one for whom they would have given up their existence, can call this a world of pleasure; words cannot convey an idea of the agony of such a moment. Then do the vain pursuits and pleasures of this world appear as nothing. It is then that we look through time to eternity, and the sorrowing soul, humbled and bowed down by suffering and a sense of unworthiness, is led to prostrate itself in prayer, and to say, "Father thy will, not mine be done;" and when we can feel the degree of resignation which enables us to make such an aspiration, the distraction of grief is past; and though we cease not to remember and regret, there is a mournful satisfaction in calling to mind the virtues and endearing qualities of departed friends.

As we emerge from childhood, and enter upon the stage of life, one appalling truth that friends forsake us and that foes pursue, fastens upon the understanding; one for which there is no remedy, and to which we are never reconciled.

What a variety of passions swell the breast at that instant which reveals for the first time the perfidy of a friend. Oh! the agony of meeting the altered eye and estranged look of a bosom friend; one whom we had imagined would animate and cheer the journey of life, and make smooth all its thorny paths: whose breast we have considered our stay and abiding place. Yet would I rather meet the altered eye and the cold front of defiance, than the well dissembled smile of hypocrisy.

Falsehood and perfidy embitter our days, but human nature is frail; let us then look with sorrow and commiseration upon the faults and the weakness of others, and beseech Almighty God to preserve us from evil, and grant us patience to endure provocation, and strength to withstand temptation.

MARY.

MUSINGS.

What is death? A release from toil and labour! A state of quiescence! A dreamless sleep, or a change of our restless and unjoyous existence here to an active and conscious existence elsewhere! Whither does the eternal spirit go, when it leaves its cold clay? To a temporary rest? It is the *animal* part of a man which requires rest; it is the *body* which is fatigued by exertion, not the *mind*; how can that which is *immaterial* suffer weariness or fatigue? "What can we reason, but from what we know?" And what *do* we know of death?—It strikes down friend, and father, and mother, and sister; their earth is commingled with earth, but where is the spirit? Does it inhabit another body—or does it sleep in unconsciousness until the great day of doom? We know not—*living* man can never know—the sepulchre hath no secrets to disclose—the tenantless corpse hath no voice to tell us—

"What vast regions hold
The immortal soul which hath forsook
Its mansion in this fleshy nook."

But what does bland religion tell us about death?—Whatever the change of existence it may bring, it is one of joy to the pure, sainted, and the upright. Life's thousand trials, its pangs, its anxieties, are over; the pure spirit finds a realm of purity, where all is light and peace—the hot arrow of envy, the web of cunning, the snare of falsehood, are not there. Let man, then, whatever his trials and toils, so guide himself that he can with an approving conscience,

"Wait the great teacher—Death!"

And what is life? Why is it hugged with fondness, and yielded with reluctance? Is it for the pleasure which it affords, or a fear of "those evils that we know not of?" What is there in life, that we should cling to it so fondly?—What are its enjoyments?—do they over-balance its pains? Let experience answer.

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THE CAT.

The Cat! the glossy crow-black rat catcher! the dapple mouser! Oh, how many prodigies of agility and courage! how many acts of the most condescending familiarity towards an insignificant trembling captive, rise before the mind of him who hears the pronunciation of these magic epithets! How often have the auditory organs of the notable house-wife been regaled with the glad tidings that the depredator of her flour barrels, the desolator of her pantry, has fallen a victim to the relentless fangs of her faithful grimalkin! And how often, with mingled emotions of fear and joy, does she behold the old mother teaching her kits the principles of mousery, by tormenting the little miscreant who has long nibbled the candles and scattered the Indian meal. With a mixture of fear and joy! aye, indeed, and though the latter affection predominates, no wonder she shudders while there remains a possibility that the tiny thief may effect its escape. But is the defender of the pantry incapable of filling any other office than that designated by this title? Nay, verily, for she also sustains, with peculiar eyeclance, the more important, or, at least, the more exalted character of defender of the library. Not more benefactor to the house who can the exploits of this inestimable animal, than to the man of letters—the lush of the literati! Is the unprincipled mouse guilty of gross plagiarism in making copious extracts from the obscenities of Shakespeare? Or, is he doing an incalculable injury to the welfare of the present, as well as future generations, by abridging the Waverly Novels? I rejoice, I glory in the authority I possess, to inform all such devotees of literature as have been too abstract in their worship, to snatch for a preventive of these often deprecated practices, that there exists a creature every way qualified to answer their exigences—a creature always near at hand—a creature that can be procured without expense,—a creature that asks no other favour than to station itself in the immediate vicinity of invasion, and no other reward than the liberty of visiting them of the invaders. Know ye not the name of this most useful animal? O! then man of letters—it is the Cat!

The family Cat! How often, on a cold winter night, have I gazed, full of musings, on the extended form of puss, as she slumbered under the comfortable stove, and listened with delight to her sonorous purring! How soothing to the ruffled spirit is it, to yield the mind to miscellaneous meditation, during an evening hour, in a room but partially illumined by the fire, with no other companion than the snoring family cat! And how strange is it that this truly domestic animal is not conspicuous in the meditative scenes of our descriptive poets!

The introduction of one of these sleeping specimens of perfect tranquility, to the only thing requisite to entitle the following description from Milton, to the highest admiration:—

"Some still removed place—
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bell-man's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm."

Cowper's neglect of this beautiful fascination of fireside scenery, is, 'to me, altogether unaccountable. He commences the sixth book of the "Task" with the following elegant lines:—

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear,
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies."

How he could have entertained this sentiment without thinking of the mellow murmurings of a drowsy tabby, is utterly irreconcilable with "the nature and fitness of things." I should dislike to harbour an opinion that Cowper wronged his conscience in composing any part of the "Task," and, therefore, as the above extract is from the sixth book, and the one below from the fourth, I will suppose that if he had rewritten the fourth, honorable mention would have been made of the harmonizing influence of the tones of poor puss. Hear what he says:—

"Me, perhaps,
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile,
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing unearthly to the quiv'ring flame.
Not unenlightful is an hour to me
So spent, as parlour twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme,
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all."

How appropriate, yea, how delightfully might my favourite music have been here introduced! My favourite music, did I say? Oh! this purring, humming and mellow murmuring, is as solacing to the stricken spirit as the "breath of the sweet South," and floats on the air as melodiously as the song—

"Of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

Hoping that the good effect intended to be produced by the above exposure of neglect, will be perceived in the future effusions of some gifted bards, I return to my subject. I said that I have often gazed, full of musings, on the extended form of our sleeping cat. Full of musings!—full of visions, is a better expression of the truth. How fondly have I imagined her, in the warmth of maternal solicitude, taking her helpless kittens in her mouth, and gently bearing them away from the reach of rude children! And how painful has been the remembrance of the sorrow she manifested after her offspring were cruelly drowned, roving up and down the house, pitifully mewing in hopeless lamentations, and looking wistfully on all she met, as if to inquire why they had broken the heart of their inoffensive servant! While indulging in these dreamings, however, if the sleeping creature before me happened to yawn, and discover those claws which had proved fatal to hundreds of her foes, how suddenly has my mind been unveiled, and how quickly has she appeared in all the awfulness of a mighty conqueror—of one who has swept with desolation, and flooded with distress the territories of the enemy! And then have I seen, in the corners of the half-lighted room, the ghosts of multitudes of rats and mice, keenly and bitterly glancing their glaring fiery eye-balls on their terrible destroyer! And how often, when she has startled in her sleep, have I imagined that those vermin spectres, through the baleful spirit of their ghastly eyes, were inspiring her with a tormenting disquietude!

The powers of an animal are manifested in its actions, and these constitute all its importance. What idea, can we suppose, would be formed of the nature of a cat, by a stranger to its qualities and performances, should he but see it sleeping by the fire-side? Would not the demureness and tranquility of her appearance there, induce him to consider her as one of the most simple and harmless of animals? Would he not be exceedingly surprised, if made acquainted with the cunning manifested in her selections of watching-places, and the caution, patience and eager intentness evinced in her persuits? Would he not be all amazement on learning that she will conceal herself in a tub, and peep through the handle for her prey, and the manner in which, with bewitching eye, sparkling and immovably fixed on her object, she will glide along from bush to bush, in the hope of seizing a bird? And, on learning these things, with many of her astonishing achievements, would she not appear to him, on a second view, to be clothed in an awful importance, of which, judging merely from her looks, while in a state of repose, he could have formed no conception? Certainly she would. As well might the man who knows the ocean only as the mirror of heaven, imagine its fury when lashed by stormy winds, as a stranger to the dispositions and practices of the cat, from such a first inspection of her form, conceive the sanguinary character of her deeds. No wonder then that I, having my memory stored with her wonderful exploits, should gaze on this animal with emotions of the most profound reverence,—a reverence too, which, growing out of sheer admiration of her real character, exerts a solemn controlling influence over all my faculties. As natural is it for me to look on a sleeping cat with awe, as for a seafaring man to contemplate the most quiet sea with suspicion and dread.

The mutations of mind are as remarkable as those of matter. Even I, though now as genial to cats, manifested towards them, in the days of my boyhood, the most malignant hatred. Well do I remember one of my companions and myself having often tied innocent little kittens to the sun-flower stalks in the garden, and stoned them to death; and I well remember, also, how, on one occasion, our nefarious intentions were unexpectedly frustrated. We had made a prisoner of a brindled puss, and, in consequence of its being a stranger, it was doomed to destruction. Without any qualms of conscience, we perverted with our unfortunate captive to the lower part of the garden, where, immediately behind an old barn, we intended the execution should take place. There we erected a gibbet, by pushing a rake handle in a knot-hole in the barn, and resting the other end on a pole which we had driven in the ground. We next fastened a cord round the throat of the ill-starred animal, and then attaching it to the rake, we let her drop in a very hangman-like manner. This, however, was only executing half the sentence pronounced on her: she was still to be stoned. While the poor creature was struggling for life, we began a dispute concerning the privilege of throwing the first stone. Knowing there was no time to be lost, we concluded to "toss up" for a settlement of the question. Following this process, I obtained the precious prerogative. Seizing a flat, sharp and heavy stone, therefore, and desiring to kill the victim at a blow, that my companion should have none of the honour, I mustered all my strength, and hurled the missile most furiously at her head. And what was the consequence? Why, instead of annihilating the cat, the stone struck the cord directly over her head, and broke it in two, while she, in an instant, shot under the barn, through into the front garden, and, soaring over the highest fences at a single leap, in spite of all our exertions to prevent it, was soon far beyond our reach! Often, since then, have I rejoiced on account of this happy disappointment. Sometimes, however, I can scarcely refrain from laughter, when I think of our disgust, and the gallant style in which poor puss bore off from her pitiless prosecutors. The exercise of her legs, while in her state of swinging suspension, seemed, indeed, to have given her muscles an uncommon tenseness, and, bounding from the sod with supernatural buoyancy, she appeared to be bidding farewell to the friends of earth, in the hope of finding the angels of humanity in supernal habitations.

Having thus related the manner in which I became the means of delivering a cat from the death I was determined to inflict, I will now give an interesting account of a cat extricating a whole household from the most imminent danger. This account, in substance, shall accord with the truth; and, I doubt not, if certain persons peruse it, they will immediately recognize a history well known among themselves, by the title of "*The Black Cat.*"

On a cool autumn evening, my parents being on a visit to the family of a good physician, who resided in the neighbourhood, the little party at home convened in a back room for mutual edification. This party consisted of my sister and two of her young female acquaintances, the servant girl and my redoubtable self. After considerable desultory conversation, we seriously commenced the recital of all known adventures of ghosts, hobgoblins, witches, fairies, fortune-tellers, devils, &c. &c., all eminently well calculated to put us in a state of extreme susceptibility.—Indeed, it may be readily imagined that, after each individual had *her* bolt in store in turn assiduously contributed to our common stock of knowledge on these subjects, we were in a condition of great bodily as well as mental excitement. Fear began to creep, like melting ice, along every nerve, and four of our senses, at least, were unusually acute. Audition was almost as perfect in us, as in him who heard the grass grow—a crow's olfactory powers could not have discovered gun-powder at a greater distance than our own; our sight was nearly omnipresent; and our sensation was so lively, that had a few drops of water by any mischance fallen on our heads, our hair would have instantly bristled upwards, and goose-flesh would have been our portion, "from the crowns of our head to the soles of our feet, and from every part of our circumference to our very centre."

Such was our condition, when the servant girl, breaking the bands of witchery, as Samson did the cords of the Philistines, began to consider the duties of her office.—The thought of performing one indispensable duty, viz. the depositing a pail of water in the cellar-kitchen, created in her chilly bosom peculiar alarm. Knowing, however, that it must be accomplished, she collected her spunky eobwitments, and determined to proceed with boldness. Indeed, it was high time she should be about it, for during the whole of our narrative this pail had been waiting patiently at her feet. Assuming her charge, therefore, she sallied into the yard, cunningly exercising some good reason of her own, to descend the outer steps. Having safely gained the floor, she quickly disposed of the burden, and then, swift as the wing-footed god, she scampered up the steps as though the old serpent had been at her heels. But awful to relate, just as she hurled down the cellar-door, the cellar-window was most convulsively shaken! Her crazy faculties were instantly inspired with the most unparalleled terror, and rushing into the room as distractedly as Samson's foxes into the Philistines corn, she thrilled us all with the same ungovernable consternation. She was almost breathless: her blood had bid itself in her heart, and left her cheeks white as the ceiling: her hair was flying round her head and neck in horrific ringlets: her teeth chattered like a frightened squirrel's; and her eyes, like a hummingbird under a tumbler, shot round and round, up and down, and fifty other ways in a minute. With much struggling and panting, however, she informed us that a thief was in the cellar; and that, (with wonderful exaggeration,) he had seized her by the arm. This shocked us like a discharge of electricity; and, the pendoor door being open, I bolted off most expertly for the street. Before I could open the front door, however, the girls, whom I had been so ungallant as to leave to destruction, came jump up against it, shrieking most amazingly, and thus prevented for the time all possibility of escape. While I was unceremoniously pushing them back in order to open the door, my sister, who had not at first observed our decampment, being screened behind the stove, cracking nuts on the hearth, rushed through the rooms, and pierced the very centre of our being with a most heart-rending scream. Oh! that scream! Memory's poet laureate, alluding to the recollections of our studies, asks, in reference to Cicero,—

"Who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul?"

And I could, with confidence, ask any member of that terrified party,

Who but hears
The shocking shriek that stunn'd our tingling ears!

Aye, did we tingle, and from head to foot—our flesh feeling as though we were universally blistered. We were now, more than ever, in dismay, for the agonizing tone of that voice powerfully impressed us with the belief that the dreadful hands of the thief had awakened such astonishing energies. A supernatural effort being now made, we succeeded in opening the door, and then, in a peculiar hurry, we all sallied into the street. By the time I overcame a strange dizziness, and awoke to some degree of perception, my companions had cleared all danger by clearing the corner of the neighbouring street. My sister and the doctor's daughter were so delighted with the thought of security that they stopped at the house of their friend. Not even the protection of house, however, could counterbalance, in the mind of this friend, the desire of communicating the intelligence to those who would feel most interested. She, therefore, spurned, with rapid feet, as unbelonging trust to the domicile of the good physician, and rang the bell so vehemently that all its inmates simultaneously sprung from their seats. Indeed, such an astounding impetus did she impart to the vociferous clapper, that the physician was ready to seize his surgical instruments, and I suppose that not one of that company ever thanks on those things without having an echo in his ears, crying broken bones! broken bones! Having obtained entrance, in ran this female Mercury, with hands agitated and strained eyes, and stuttering and stammering with a half-word and a word at a time, she discharged her dole. Great was the consternation of all her stricken audience, except my mother, who replied with the most perfect composure to her frightful exclamations. "This is only some of Ann's foolishness," alluding to the servant girl. But the others could hardly credit that supposition, and therefore a formidable posse was immediately summoned to march over to the examination of the haunted premises. During this time I had been trembling on the pavement, looking alternately in the door and up the alley, and at one time I had summoned courage sufficient to enable me to creep into the front room and make a prize of my hat.

The force having drawn up in readiness before the house, we mustered strong enough, had there not been a lack of resolution, to have coped successfully with an American edition of the renowned Robin Hood. There was the doctor, a large muscular six-foot meek blue-eyed heavenly-minded character, my father—nay, but hold! this is forbidden ground, his actions will develop his character! the doctor's oldest son and myself, both chilly, chicken-hearted, white-livered creatures, (miscalled young men,) and the doctor's youngest son, eight or nine years of age, who valiantly drew his sword, alias his pocket-knife.—Jointly and conjunctly we entered the house fearfully, and I, in imitation of Hercules with his club, manfully shouldered a pair of clumsy tongs.

Having arrived in the room, in which, as described, the first congregation were consternated, we found ourselves, like so many incorporeals, all ear, eye and tenderness.—Silence reigned superlatively supreme. As for poor me, having at one time risked the danger of a whisper, I endangered my head by exposing it to the wrath of my companions, and a significant nod from my father, sent into my soul with all the influence of an eloquent—hush! My father then crept lightly to the cellar-door, placed his foot firmly against it, felt the latch most resolutely, and beckoned to the girl to bring him a fork, that he might run in the door-post over the latch, and thus, like a brave general, before we advanced farther, prevent the possibility of being attacked in the rear. The poor girl had just returned in as much terror as ever. She was standing immediately beside the supper table, (which had not been cleared off,) saw my father's position, watched his beckonings and pointings, and yet was so thoroughly confused as to be altogether incapable of imagining what was wanted. Hasting, however, to fulfil orders, she seized a large piece of dried beef—but a frown rejected the article. She next caught up a plate of cheese, then a half-loaf of bread, and in succession a dozen other things as appropriate; looking anxiously at the cast of my father's countenance each time with a wish that she might be right strikingly depicted in her own. At last, he, becoming somewhat impatient, desperately pressed down the latch, and whispered, a fork! a fork! This exertion produced the desired effect, and the door was securely fastened. Fear was at the bottom of this solemn stillness, for it was thought probable the thief was on the steps, and would, if he heard a noise, burst open the door, overturn us all, gain the street, and thus make his escape. As for the remainder of the force, we knew what was wanted, but were as motionless as a man with the night-mare. This door, however, being now spoked, we sallied into the yard, and there stood doing nothing. An apprentice of one of our neighbours, luckily for us, came up the alley at this instant, to inquire the cause of the commotion. Having been informed of this, he stooped down to the cellar-window, to endeavour to discover whether the kitchen was unlawfully occupied. "Nothing would tempt me to that," said the doctor, being apprehensive that something might be pushed through the window at the face of the inquisitive boy. "You had better keep the thief fastened down," he continued, "till the watchman comes round!" "Poh!" said the boy, "I'll go down and see who's there!" "You had better not," replied the doctor. "I'm not afraid," returned the other, "and then taking the tongs that I was uselessly holding from my hand, and the candle from father, he requested us to open the cellar-door." This being done, down marched the undaunted hero, to the great consternation of the doctor and us young men. My father, however, feeling a little shame to be thus outbraved by a boy, determined, at least, to follow him. After they had been down about a minute—while we were expecting death and destruction, and were prepared to fly on the least appearance of danger—the bravoes shouted from below, "Here he comes! here he comes!" We had hardly shrunk back, when lo! prodigious spectacle! up springs, with fiery eyes and flying tail, a great black cat! who, being evidently as much astonished as ourselves, bounded on into unknown regions like an eclipsed comet!

Having arrived at the cat-astrophe, the reader will acknowledge that the cat is, sometimes, surprisingly beneficial to the bodies, and souls, and tortunes of mankind!—Who does not perceive that, if this cat had not shaken the window in her attempt to escape from "durance vile," a thief might have seized the servant girl by the arm?—Again, if it had not been a cat that issued so suddenly from the cellar, the good Doctor, his sons, and myself, might have been so frightened as to have become incurably delirious! And, lastly, if, instead of a cat, a daring robber had been in the cellar, well armed, I might have been, at this time, an orphan!

In conclusion, I would say, may all living cats be well fed and housed; and, over all dead cats, I would exclaim, peace to your ashes!!

T. H. S.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE DISCARDED LOVER.

Among the variety of ills to which woman is heir to, none perhaps are more vexatious than the unwelcome attentions of a disagreeable suitor. A woman is situated somewhat peculiarly in this respect, and is compelled to receive the visits of the man however unpleasing to her, and compelled in a measure to treat them with civility, if not with respect; for if her demeanour towards them be reserved and disdainful, it is published to the world, and her reputation for good nature becomes somewhat disparaged. She is consequently obliged to be complaisant to those whom perhaps she most heartily and supremely despises, and finds it a difficult matter to rid herself of such admirers.—The men on the contrary are exempt from this evil, for they can visit such only as are agreeable to them. The sequel of the following story, the truth of which is well authenticated, furnishes a happy expedient of getting rid of such suitors as are alluded to. In a certain neighbourhood lived a young damsel, the only child of a wealthy but plain farmer; our heroine, whom we will call Peggy, was a fine bouncing blooming girl, but rather more inclined to "en bon point" than the fashion of the times sanctioned—but Peggy was a girl of too much good sense to repine at her unfashionable rotundity of person, and unlike some damsels of similar appearance, disdained to resort to such expedients as are frequently adopted by the fair sex to bring about a diminution of their persons, such as smelling at vinegar cruets, eating pickled cucumbers, and the like. Although our damsel could not boast of much of that quality which by the fashionable world is denominated refinement, yet she possessed a certain portion of shrewdness and acuteness which added no inconsiderable eclat to her character among the neighbouring swains; as may very naturally be expected, she was surrounded by admirers, but as she was somewhat suspicious that the admiration did not proceed so much from the size of her person as of her purse, she was rather *uncomeatable*. Among her admirers was one whose attentions were peculiarly offensive to her; he was a conceited, superficial, pestilent little fellow, whose vocation was that of itinerant tailor, going from one farm house to another, with his goose and lapboard, transforming the old garments of the parents into new ones for the children, &c. His name was Zebedee Stitch. Our knight of the thimble, as many other knights before him, became dissatisfied with his occupation, and among many other plans for ameliorating it, cast his eyes upon the fine round person of our heroine. "If I can only get her," says he to himself, "and that fine farm of hers, I'll convert my goose into a plough share, and my shears into a pruning hook; and why not?" says he, "many a man inferior to me, has gained the affections of as likely girls as she—she is but a woman, therefore to be wooed." Possessed with the idea that his goose waxed old, and his thimble rusty, all his thoughts and purposes were bent to the attainment of his designs. Her dislike to him was unconquerable, and various were the means made use of by her to get rid of his importunities, but they proved unavailing, for he was totally insensible to hints however plain and palpable; she would pin the dish cloth to his tail, set tubs of dirty water in his way, and cause him to tumble into them, but he would always rise with the most imperturable serenity, laugh it off as a good joke, and consider it rather as an evidence of her affection than of her hatred.—Among the many unsuccessful efforts to shake him off was the following: One evening she manifested a longing for some parched corn, and he to gratify her in her desires, offered to go to the crib and get her some; after he had started for that purpose, she slipped out after him, and when she saw him fairly housed among the corn, closed the door and made it secure against his escape, leaving poor Zebedee to "steep his senses in forgetfulness" in the "smoky crib, and hushed with buzzing night flies to his slumber." The next morning he was discovered by some of the inmates of the house, and a hue and cry of a thief in the corn crib was raised against him, but they were sorely puzzled when they discovered that he was imprisoned in the very place that they mistook for the scene of his depredation.—The joke however soon leaked out, and the poor fellow sneaked off rather chagrined and disheartened, but in the course of a few days his love had increased to so insupportable a degree, that he determined upon renewing the siege. His return almost drove her to despair, for all her manifestations of dislike only seemed to make him the more assiduous in his devoirs; like the spaniel, the more you beat him, the more he fawns upon you. A stratagem entered her head one day which she thought would have the desired effect, and she resolved the very first opportunity to put it into execution. It was to be sure not a very agreeable thing, but desperate diseases require desperate remedies.

Not long after, our hero having arrayed himself in his *best*, paid her a visit, when (to his perfect astonishment!) she greeted him with one of the most bewitching smiles that ever captivated the heart of a love sick swain. She talked and she laughed, she giggled and smiled, and was so remarkably cheerful and agreeable that Zebedee could scarcely contain himself for delight. Emboldened by her familiarity, he took hold of her fair hand, and instead of meeting with a repulse, she returned the salutation with two fold ardour. "Having," as a certain writer says, "thus established a lodgement upon the hand, he soon set out upon his travels and made the grand tour of her waist"—and finally, to such a pitch of presumption was he raised by her *passive obedience and non resistance* that he drew her (apparently) "nothing loth," upon his lap. His happiness was now complete, for he held all that he esteemed most precious upon earth within his grasp, and he inwardly congratulated himself, that he had now totally surmounted all her prejudices against him, that there was a time when a lady could be effectually courted, and that he had eventually found that favourite era. He enjoyed in prospect all her vast domains and rolled his eyes around the room with a secret satisfaction upon its well filled furniture.—These ideal joys prevailed for some time with all the delight of castle building, but after a while he began to evince some slight symptoms of uneasiness, as though he thought her weight somewhat grievous when comported with comfort; being seated upon one of those old fashioned chairs which are found in the dwellings of our yeomanry, whose seat had yielded to the frequent pressures made upon it, until it somewhat resembled a soup dish, he found that the edge of the chair by the reason of her weight pressed upon the lower part of his legs in such a manner as to cause a total stagnation of blood, and created such a pricking sensation as he never remembered to have felt before, to use a common expression, his legs were asleep; not so his feelings, for never were they so awake to the painful sensations which prevailed in his nether limbs—had he been sitting upon his own needle case the pain could not have been more sensible than that which he then realized. To have asked her to arise would have been a most dangerous, as well as insulting request; inasmuch as her being seated there was the very height of condescention. Such an entreaty might therefore be resented by her in such a signal manner as to exclude all future hopes; he was therefore compelled to grin and bear it with as much stoicism as possible. The anguish he endured caused the sweat to pour down his face in torrents, she all the while by her pleasantries forcing him to smile through all his agonies to her infinite amusement and delight. Never was pain and pleasure so happily and ludicrously blended; inwardly groaning with pain from his "darance vile," yet rejoiced at having overcome her former aversion.—To put the cap-stone to his bliss she snuffed out the candle, (accidentally of course,) and smearing the snuff over her hand fell straightway to patting his cheeks and stroking his eyes—the sweat all the time forming divers fanciful meandering channels down his face through the smut, until he resembled Satan on his tour through Chaos. In this situation she kept him until he had nearly fainted outright, when she arose and bid him good night.—He departed with feelings of rather a mixed and doubtful character, not knowing whether he were more gratified or pained with his visit. Arrived at home he stopped to the Mirror to see what new beauties his fair Dulcinea had discovered in his Physiognomy to have made her so mournfully complacent, when conceive his utter horror and dismay, on beholding his visage as black and begrimed as an Imp of Darkness.

Suffice it to say his visits never were repeated.

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TWENTIETH CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1827.

IN SENATE.

The hour of 12 having arrived, the Vice PRESIDENT took the Chair. The roll of Senators was called over by Mr. LOWRIE, the Secretary, it appeared that every Member was in attendance, except Mr. WARREN of Mississippi, who is absent on account of indisposition.

The Chair then announced the following committees:

From States—Messrs. Dickerson, Chambers, Tazewell, Seymour, Eaton, Van Buren, Hendricks, Kane, Holmes, Smith, Barton, Johnston of Louisiana, Ruggles, Macon, Hayne, Bouligny

Scut, capt. Comstock, who took her in tow and reached New York on Wednesday evening. On meeting the Fanny, bound to New London, which left New York at 5 P. M. the passengers of the Long Branch were taken on board that boat. At the time of the accident, capt. Hudson jumped on board the sloop, which immediately seperated from the Long Branch, and was fallen in with by the Connecticut near Hurl Gate, when capt. H. was restored to his command. The sloop was considerably injured. The Long Branch was a hulk, in a helpless situation, for about 30 hours. During this time, she was fallen in with by the schr. Splendid, capt. Gibbs, from New Bedford, who made every effort in his power to take off the passengers, but without success.

SNELSON, THE BANK ROBBER, TAKEN!

The Royalton (Vt.) Advocate, states, by information received from Quebec, that Snelson, the robber of the Petersburg Bank, has been arrested, and is in prison in that place. It is reported that Snelson engaged a passage to Liverpool, in a vessel about to sail, paid for the same, and entered the assumed name of *Maxwell*, as his, on the books—that just before the vessel sailed, he left the city, and proceeded about ten miles into the country, where he remained some days at ease in his supposed secure retreat. His residence soon became known in the city, and excited suspicions, which, on the return of a reconnoitering party with Snelson a prisoner, were proved to have been well founded. Instead, therefore, of being on his voyage to Liverpool, he is snugly caged in Quebec, waiting reception of a bill of *exchange* from the United States.

Shackell, the propietor of the John Bull newspaper, has been tried on a criminal information, for an indecent libel on a Mr. Hertshorne, and found guilty. The libel imputed to Mr. Heber formerly a representative of the University of Cambridge, gross wickedness. The attorney General observed that the punishment ought to be of the heaviest and most ignominious character.

On Friday afternoon week, the sloop Farmer, Captain Collinson, owned by George G. Leiper, Esq. loaded with curb stone for Stephen Girard, Esq. of Philadelphia, and culvert stones for Penn Township, sprung aleak near the Lazaretto, and in a few minutes went down in about 22 feet of water. The Captain and the young man that was with him were saved by Mr. John Hart, of Tinicum, who was providentially near them at the time in a boat on the Delaware. The Farmer was a new vessel and is supposed to have sprung one of her butts which caused her to leak.

A wagoner, with a woman and child, were stopped early on Saturday evening week, on Second street road, above Masters street, Philadelphia, by two armed men, who demanded their money. The woman and boy immediately cried murder, when the robbers fired their pistols, but without doing any injury. They were pursued by several persons in the neighbourhood, and one of them was secured and imprisoned for trial.

THE POST OFFICE ESTABLISHMENT.

From the American Farmer published at Baltimore, we learn these interesting facts. Under the new contracts, the Postmaster General has arranged to have the mail at Cincinnati in six days from Baltimore, and so prosperous are the affairs of the department under the administration of Mr. McLean, that we have reason to think he will report a nett surplus revenue of $100,000, after a prodigious extension of routes, and increase of facilities; and that he will be able and willing to make the turnpike from this city to Philadelphia, with the revenue of his department should Congress deem it expedient and still on their power to "establish post roads."

The Postmaster of Baltimore has been directed by the Postmaster General, to be prepared to send a *daily* mail to Harrisburg and the principal offices on the York route, *during the present session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania.*

The Brooklin Star states that a disease of an infectious nature, and very rapid and fatal in its effects, has lately broken out on board the steam frigate Fulton, at the Navy Yard, Wallabout. The Fulton has been for some time used only as a receiving ship, her steam engine being removed, and is moored at about a hundred yards distance from the shore. She is armed and rigged, and new recruits are kept on board her to be instructed. She had a few days since, about 300 men. It is said that thirty-five persons have died on board of the small pox and of fever, some of whom were ill only two or three days. The sick and well are removed, and the vessel is now undergoing a purification.

The November term of the Circuit Court was opened at Mobile, on the 14th ult. and adjourned sine die without transacting any business. The difficulty of procuring the attendance of Jurors and witnesses, owing to circumstances growing out of the late fire which rendered attendance upon the court at this time extremely inconvenient for almost every class of citizens, influenced the adjournment.

The Petersburg Va. Intelligencer of the 30th ult. says, "this is the last day of the month, and it has been the coldest November within our recollection. True, we have had no ice or snow worth speaking of—but there has been a succession of severe frost, and a corresponding temperature, the Mercury ranging between 35° and 40°, accompanied by piercing winds and a cloudy atmosphere."

JUDICIAL OPINION.

After much misrepresentation and excitement on the subject of the opinion given by Judge Story in a late trial at Providence, it is admitted by all parties, that the opinion of the Judge was, "that those who do not believe in the existence of a God, or a future state, or who have no religious belief, are not entuled to be sworn as witnesses."

Colonel M'Kenney, of the Indian Office, has returned from his Northwestern and Southern tour among the Indians, having travelled, since May last, about seven thousand miles, and been successful in all the trusts reposed in him by the Government, and among these, the important one of settling the Greek controversy, with which duty he was specially charged, by obtaining a cession of all the lands owned, or claimed by the Creeks, within the chartered limits of Georgia.

Congress having met, the editor at tribe have already begun to instruct the members in their duties. Above all things they urge the necessity of *Short Speeches.* Now, what business have these editors to give this advice? The longer members speak, the longer must Congress sit, and the more pay must they receive. You might as well tell Lawyers to speak more *briefly.* If they should, they would lose the chance of getting a brief.

Nearly three thousand persons were present at the great Musical Festival at Liverpool. It closed with a fancy masquerade ball, at which Edward Coleman, of Lancaster, Pa. and Edward T. Jones, of Philadelphia, attended, and are the only Americans whose names are recorded in the list. It is stated that the receipts on the occasion amounted to upwards of $6,000.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

On Friday evening of last week, about 7 o'clock, a small building situated in Hartung's alley, leading from north Second to Third street, owned by Mr. Peter Douglas, and occupied by Cobb and Palmer, as a Carpenter's Shop, was destroyed by fire, together with its contents of lumber, finished work, and tools, to a considerable amount—uninsured.

An alteration is now going on at the Arcade, at the instance of Mr. Haviland, in order to accommodate the ladies, the doors of the stores are to be widened. A lady wanting a pair of shoes, in attempting to enter one of the stores, found her progress arrested by her hat striking on either side of the door, which prevented her ingress—she was actually obliged to sit on the shoes in the avenue.

Agreeably to a list of the "Retailers of Foreign Merchandize," in Philadelphia, published according to law, the number of Retailers amounts to 1380.

Pennsylvania contains 47,000 square miles, and England only 50,000; yet England maintains a population of more than 10,000,000.

The Warren (Pa.) Gazette of the 25th ult. says—"The snow in this place is about one foot deep."

His excellency Albert Gallatin, and family, are passengers in the Sylvanus Jenkins, arrived at New York.

The lower panes of glass, in a Watch-Maker and Jeweller's window, in north Third st. were beaten in, on Thursday evening of last week, and several articles of small value seized by some scoundrel, who, being closely pursued, dropped his booty and escaped.

The Washington Monument, says the Boston Courier, has been placed on its pedestal, and will in future, at all times when the state house is open, be ready for the inspection of the public.

Henry W. Conway, Delegate in Congress from the Territory of Arkansas, has fallen in a duel with a gentleman of the Territory, the result of a quarrel which grew out of the discussions which attended the recent election for delegate.

A Cincinnati paper says—a party of six or eight gentlemen, a few days since returned from a deer hunt on the borders of Indiana. They killed in the course of their excursion twenty seven deer and one bear, besides a variety of wild turkies and other small game. Two deer was killed by one of the party at a single shot.

On Sunday, the 25th ult. the venerable Mrs. Mary Tupan, of Newburyport (Mass.) completed her 100th year. She retains her faculties without any considerable dimunition, and receives not more respect and veneration for her age than for her character.

An inhabitant of Corfu, who recently returned from Spitzbergen, after an absence of twenty eight years, found his wife in good health, but the widow of three husbands.

The blue mountain, north of the Jersey side, has recently been set on fire by some lazy hunters.

It is calculated that upwards of 50,000 turkies were sold at a single market in Boston, the day before Thanksgiving.

R. H. Holt, the miserable object who a short time since made a confession of his participation in the murder of Morgan, was recently called before the Grand Jury of Niagara county, N. Y. and dismissed as unworthy of notice.

The Legislature of South Carolina convened in Columbia, on Monday week, agreeably to the adjournment in December last. Each House formed a quorum, and proceeded to business.

A canal has long been projected between the Bay of Fundy and the St. Lawrence. Measures are now taking to bring it more effectually to the notice of the British Ministry. It is said to be practicable, and, in the opinion of mercantile men, likely to be attended with high commercial advantages.

Proposals have been issued for publishing at New Echota, in the Cherokee Nation, a weekly newspaper to be entitled the "Cherokee Phœnix," for the exclusive benefit of the Cherokee Indians. The Editor, Elias Boudinot, is a full blooded Cherokee, and was educated at Cornwall, Connecticut.

The Western Herald, printed at Stubenville, Ohio, mentions an ear of corn which was at the office, as being thirteen inches in length and ten inches in circumference. It has 40 rows of corn on it, each row having 60 grains, total 1200 grains.

The amount received this year by the Collector at Albany, is one hundred and fifty thousand, two hundred and forty-four dollars, which is thirty-thousand dollars more than he received last year.

A letter from Salem, Ms. to the editors of the New-York Statesman, dated 29th ult. says—"Our venerable Dr. Holyoke, attended public worship this day and passed, in the enjoyment of all his faculties, his one hundredth Thanksgiving Day."

The Warren Star computes that there have been shipped from Bristol, R. I. 535,994 bunches of onions, raised in that town the present season, and that there are 200,000 bunches remaining on hand.

The Hon. Daniel Webster, on his way to take his seat in the Senate of the United States, is detained in New York in consequence of a severe attack of the rheumatism.

A Dredging Machine, as it is called, has been put in operation by steam at Baltimore to cleanse the harbour from sand and other obstructions which collect in it. Buckets full of sand and mud were brought up by it from a hard bottom, on which the ordinary machines had been unable to produce any effect.

The legislature of North Carolina met at Raleigh the 19th ult. A Governor of the State is to be elected by the Legislature, and also a Treasurer in place of John Hayward, Esq. who died on the 18th, having held the office of Public Treasurer of North Carolina forty one years.

Dr. Robert B. Vance, of North Carolina, who was killed in a duel by Mr. Carson, on the 5th ult. was a member of the eighteenth Congress, for the district represented by Mr. Carson in the last Congress, as well as in the present.

Calvin Blythe, of Mifflin county, has been appointed by the Governor, Secretary of State of Pennsylvania, in the place of Mr. Barnard, now a Senator in Congress.

An entire change has been made in the State Officers of Georgia, by the Legislature, now in session. Hines Holt is the new Treasurer, Thacker Howard, Comptroller; Everard Hamilton, Secretary of State; and T. Mitchel, Surveyor General.

Mr. John S. Haywood, eldest son of the late John Haywood, has been elected, by the Legislature, Treasurer of the State of North Carolina for the ensuing year, by a majority of 136 votes.

The Court of Cassation at Paris have given 20,000 francs damages to the widow, and 4000 to the children, (against the antagonist) of a person killed in a duel.

It appears, by the last Liverpool papers, that all vessels arriving at that port from Charleston and New Orleans, have to perform quarantine, in consequence of the prevalence of the yellow fever in those places.

The Vermont Bible Society has passed a resolution, that within two years every family in the State shall be supplied with a Bible.

Let those people who value the genuineness of their profiles, beware of an imposter, who is travelling in the South, and calls himself Master Hubard. He is not the real Master H. but a spurious counterfeit likeness taker.

A Mercer (Penn.) paper states that a lady of that county had five children at one birth, and 12 in the course of 18 months!!!

A Kentucky paper announces the decease of William Kellar, aged 43 years. The cause of his death is said to have been excessive corpulency, which increased 150 pounds the last year of his life. His weight three or four weeks before his death was 582 pounds.

A number of convicts have been put to work on the Levee at New-Orleans. They are dressed in red, and are ironed together like galley slaves. This mode of punishment is said to be very irksome to them.

The steamboats employed on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, the past season, are stated to have been one hundred and nine in number, and of the burthen of 18,597 tons. The largest boat is the George Washington of 375 tons.

A cherry tree was in bloom on the 4th inst. at Washington.

The Albany Argus of Dec. 4, says—"It is probable that the Legislature will adjourn this day.

Mr. John Freeman, of Knowlton, N. J. while engaged in extinguishing the fire on the Blue Mountain, fell from a precipice, and was instantly killed.

During the late prolific season, the corn in some fields in Ohio, is said to have attained to such an altitude (some nine feet) that even a tall man of the country was obliged to get on horseback to top the stalk.

The New York Gazette states that the grand jury of the court of oyer and terminer, is to be engaged upon the subject of the late duel.

Mr. Brougham, it is said, is desirous of being appointed to the mastership of rolls, that being a permanent office of large emolument, and one that does not, as it ought, preclude its possessor from sitting in the House of Commons.

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1827.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We again repeat that Marriages, to be inserted in this paper, must in all cases be accompanied by a responsible signature—the frequent deceptions which have been practised on ourselves and others, makes this regulation absolute.

An interesting Editorial notice of the "Infant Schools," copied from the Pennsylvania Gazette, has been selected for our paper, and shall be inserted forthwith.

We are again obliged to delay the publication of "Melancthon's" Essay—it shall appear without fail next week.

"The Consumptive" is too sickly.

Lines by *Tyro* are pretty. Are they original? We think not.

Imagination by W. G. A. shall have a place.

Revenge, G. F. W. bespeaks a mind capable of better things. Another effort will be more successful.

A Fiction has not been received. If the writer will send us another copy, we shall comply with his request.

The Life of Man, a Parable, is received. We have not yet had leisure to read it.

Twelve hundred copies of the *abridged edition* of Scott's Life of Napoleon Buonaparte were sold within five weeks of its publication.

The length of the President's Message, with the first day's proceedings of Congress, preclude the possibility of publishing several interesting articles which were promised. The importance of the Message, and the general anxiety which prevails to peruse it, will be a sufficient apology, we are sure, for a deficiency in our customary variety.

LITERARY.

The Rev. George Croly's interpretation of the Apocalypse is just published by the Messrs. Carvill, at New York. Croly's rich and beautiful poem "*The Angel of the World*," first established his reputation as a man of genius, and this new work, is said by the London critics, to be one of the most curious and ingenious literary productions of the day.

Mr. Coale, of Baltimore, is about to publish a Remembrancer of Events from the creation down to the present time. It is to be entitled the "*Tablet of Memory.*"

The "Eloquence of the United States," a work in five octavo volumes, edited by Professor Williston, of Middletown, Conn. has just been published.—These volumes contain many of the debates in the several State Conventions on the adoption of the Federal constitution, some of the speeches on Jay's treaty in 1796, debates in Congress on the most important political questions, and a number of 4th of July orations, civic addresses, orations on the Boston Massacre, &c.

The second volume of the commentaries on American Law, by the Hon. James Kent, late Chancellor of New York, has been published. Full success attended the first volume, now an integral part of an American law library. Competent judges admire, even more, the execution of the second. A third volume is to complete the work, which will be to American law what Blackstone's Commentaries are to the English.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale will publish her poetical effusions in a volume to be called "The Mother's Lay, for a new year's gift."

The December number of the American Quarterly Review was published on Saturday last. Messrs. Carey Lea & Carey have published the "*Chronicles of Cannongate.*" They have just received a considerable part of Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of my Grandfather.*

Philadelphia county against the world—On a farm near Frankford, there was raised this season, two hundred and four bushels of barley fit for the brewers, and five of an inferior kind, amounting to two hundred and nine bushels, off of three acres, and sold at sixty two and a half cents per bushel, amounting to forty three dollars and fifty cents per acre without the straw—who would not be a farmer! S.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.

Friday, Nov. 30.—*Douglas*—*Sylvester Daggerwood*—*and Love, Law and Physic.*

Saturday, Dec. 1.—*Evadne*—*and My Spouse and I.*

Monday, Dec. 3.—*Haunted Tower*—*and The Sergeant's Wife.*

Tuesday, Dec. 4.—*Bellamira*—*and The Romp.*

Wednesday, Dec. 5.—*Siege of Belgrade*—*and Turn Out.*

Thursday, Dec. 6.—*Bellamira*—*and Abon Hassan.*

Two weeks since we ventured to predict, that the present would prove a profitable season, because we could not then believe that our fellow-citizens would suffer an individual, who has done so much to deserve their favour as Mr. Warren certainly has, to pass unrewarded—nay more to incur pecuniary loss. We grieve to say, that so far, our anticipations have proved unfounded. The most apathetic indifference for the Drama seems to prevail among those who should be its chief supporters; and we fear that the enterprizing Manager, whose expenses in procuring and sustaining the present powerful company, were and are enormous, will have reason, unless greater encouragement be shown him, to repent the confidence with which he relied on the liberality of his townsmen. Every possible exertion to please has been made—the best plays in the language are performed nightly, and with a strength of cast that would do credit to any Theatre, and yet the houses continue thin, so much so, indeed, that we doubt whether they cover expenses.—Whence this indifference proceeds we know not; but we well remember that the universal cry last season, was "give us a good stock company, and we will bestow a liberal patronage." This wish to its fullest extent has been complied with, and still the encouragement is but little greater than formerly. Surely it is our duty to reward those who have made every effort to contribute to our gratification, and we cannot but wonder, that Philadelphians who pique themselves on their support of merit, should allow their efforts in their service to injure the man who has made them. We trust, that henceforth those persons who were so clamourous for permanent excellence in the Drama, will show less backwardness in the support of that excellence than they have hitherto exhibited. Let it be remembered that the actual expenses of this Theatre are but little short of $2,000 per week; and no doubt can exist, that full houses are necessary to save the proprietor from absolute loss. We hope sincerely we may not again have occasion to dwell upon this subject.

The Tragedy of *Douglas* by the Rev. Mr. Home of the Kirk of Scotland, (such was once the form of its announcement,) has, by its frequent representation, become almost as familiar as the Tragedies of Shakespeare. As a poem it possesses great merit—many of the passages are really beautiful, and the whole piece, so far as language goes, is soft and harmonious. To us, however, upon the stage it has always seemed tedious, and we are not therefore much surprised, that it should have passed off coldly on Friday evening notwithstanding the vigorous manner in which it was performed. Mr. Southwell (*Young Norval,*) the hero of the piece, was, as he always is, effective, and made as much of his character as it would bear. In the scene in which he describes his lowly birth and ambitious feelings, in the well known speech commencing "My name is Norval, &c." we should have liked him much better if he had not made so many abrupt transitions from one tone of voice to another directly the reverse; a fault of this does very well, it may, however, be carried too far. Miss Emery's *Lady Douglas* was played with the usual vigour of that excellent actress, and drew forth repeated bursts of well-merited applause.

On Monday evening Mr. Horn and Mrs. Knight appeared in *The Haunted Tower*, which of the bills informed us, had not been acted for twenty years. We hope it may be permitted to repose another twenty years without disturbance. All that performers could do was done, but still it was flat, dull and insipid; the dialogue was sustained entirely by Mr. Jefferson's humour, and Mrs. Knight and Miss E. Jefferson's singing. The songs by Mr. Horn were badly selected, and he was out of great voice. One or two of Mrs. Knight's favourite ballads were loudly encored, and well deserved it. The *Sergeant's Wife*, which followed, was well received. Miss Emery as *Fanette* gained fresh laurels, and Mr. Mercer and Miss E. Jefferson and her brother were deserving of all praise. The dress of the latter lady was strictly appropriate, and reflected much credit on her judgment.

Great credit is due Mr Wemyss, for the spirited manner in which he has discharged his duties as stage manager, by producing a constant succession of new pieces, and reviving others, which, from long disuse, were almost forgotten. Among the latter, *Bellamira* holds a distinguished place; and, if we are permitted to judge from the loud applause bestowed upon it on Tuesday, is likely to become a greater favourite than any which has been brought out this season. With the *cast* at this Theatre, it is full of rich and powerful acting from beginning to end; nearly every scene affording an opportunity for the finest display of histrionic ability. Mr Southwell and Mr Wood, in their respective parts of *Manfredi*, and *Montalto*, were very good; the latter should have covered the fault in the first scene, his not doing so evinced a lack of courtesy. Mr. Chapman's *Amurath* went far beyond our expectations. We have seldom seen any performer to more advantage. Throughout the play, (and his is a prominent part) he was excellent; his look and manner were to perfect keeping with his character. In *Bellamira* Miss Emery added to her high reputation—in some scenes she was irresistably touching. This lady has become a universal favourite—she deserves it.

Mr. Horn had a good benefit on Wednesday. Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Mercer, were very amusing, and the singing was much more warmly applauded than on Monday.

Dr. M'Henry's Tragedy is in active preparation. It will be brought out about Christmas, with all the tragic strength of the company. We have no doubt it will succeed.

Fifty dollars is offered as a premium for an accepted address for opening the New Theatre, in Salem, Mass. It must be sent by the 25th of this month.

The opera dancers prove a powerful attraction to the Tremont Theatre, Boston. On Thursday week, it is said, the receipts were nearly 1600 dollars. They will return to New York early this week. It is said that the Bowery Managers receive upwards of 2000 dollars for six successive nights.

Miss Clara Fisher closed a successful engagement at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, on Friday week. She took her benefit on Monday.

Paer's grand opera of the Freeshooters, which has equal attraction with Der Freischutz in Germany, France, and England, is in rehearsal, and will shortly be brought out in one of the principal Theatres in New York.

Great preparations are making at the Bowery Theatre to bring out Cleopatra with great splendour.

It is whispered that a respectable young lady of great beauty will shortly make her first appearance in one of the New York Theatres, in the character of Virginia.

The Chatham Theatre, New York, opened on Monday last, with the comedy of the Man of the World, under the management of Mr. Maywoods Mr. E. Forrest has returned to the Bowery, and played Brutus in Payne's tragedy on Monday.

The London Theatrical bills, announce that Mr. Kean has determined to leave the stage at the close of the season.

Madame Catalini gave her first Concert at Stockholm on the 15th September. The Prince and Princess Royal were present, and not fewer than 2500 persons flocked to hear this distinguished singer.

Rio Janeiro papers, to October 3, contain the ratification of the convention between England and Brazil, in which the latter stipulates that in three years from the date, the subjects of Brazil shall not engage in the slave trade, under penalty of being treated as pirates. The emperor of Brazil had given a month's income of his own for the support of his army and navy in the prosecution of the war with Buenos Ayres. The coasts of Brazil were still infested with Buenos Ayreas privateers.

A letter from an officer of the United States' ship Vincennes, dated Guayaquil, August 3, mentions that the ship had come from Callao to Guayaquil for the protection of our merchants and commerce, as the Columbian troops under General Flores had marched to Guayaquil to suppress the revolution. A slight action occurred between the militia of the place and the Columbians; after which matters were accommodated through the mediation of General Le Mar. Things were again quiet. Bolivar was expected at Guayaquil, and the Vincennes was ordered to remain there in consequence: but Bolivar was at Bogota as late as October 18. The American frigate Brandywine was unable to get up to Guayaquil for want of depth of water, and the commodore had to transfer his broad pendant to the Vincennes; but he had again returned to the Brandywine, and she would sail that day for Peru. General Le Mar, a man of great political integrity and influence, had proceeded to Lima, to enter on his functions of President of Peru. He had visited the Brandywine; was received with suitable honors; and expressed himself much pleased with his visit. The letter speaks of the ladies of Guayaquil "as the fairest and kindest of any in South America."

Bogota papers to the 20th of October have been received. A letter from the Secretary of Bolivar to the intendent of Magdalena, directs him to cause to be collected and burnt all papers which appeared during the late period of public excitement, in which private persons were attacked, that every thing calculated to awaken acrimonious feelings may be buried in forgetfulness, and his decree of general pardon and oblivion may be carried into complete effect, and prove the means of restoring and preserving entire tranquility. It also requires them to endeavour, by all means in their power, to restore the respect and supremacy of the laws, which are "essential to the public good." General Paez has also published a very pacific proclamation in Venezuela, in which he exhorts all persons to preserve unity and good order. The proclamation of Bolivar, June, had been received in Guayaquil, and had greatly quieted the public mind. It was said that the battalion Venedor was going to declare in favor of him.

IMPORTANT PRIVATE INTELLIGENCE.

The packet ship York brought a letter to an English gentleman in New York from which we gather important intelligence with respect to the Greek and Turkish affairs. This letter is from a gentleman in London, occupying a responsible official station. He states that there is an express agreement entered into by England, Russia and France, to conquer and partition the Turkish dominions in Europe and Africa—Constantinople and its dependencies are allotted to Russia—Egypt to England, and the isles of the Mediterranean, and some portions of the land adjoining that sea to France. The Turk is to be driven into Asia, and the Greeks are to have a government of their own under the protection and guaranty of the three powers.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

THIRTY EIGHTH SESSION.

SENATE.—Tuesday, Dec. 4.

The Senators met at 3 P. M. in the Hall of the Senate. *Alexander Mahon*, of Cumberland, was unanimously re-elected Speaker.

Twenty-four members of the Senate answered to their names.

Mr. Duncan, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Kerlin, Mr. King, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Powel were absent, for causes not known.

Mr. Audenried and Mr. Ray, absent, on account of sickness.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The members met in the Representatives Hall, of the State Capitol, at two o'clock, P. M. Mr. Binder, of the county of Philadelphia, moved to proceed to the organization of the House, which was agreed to; and Mr. Shunk, the late clerk, read the returns of election in the different counties.

The returns being read, it appeared that they had been received from all the counties except Montgomery. Eighty-eight members answered to their names. On motion of Mr. Rahn, the members proceeded to the election of speaker.

Ner Middleswarth, of Union, had 64 votes.

William McCreery, of Washington, 22.

Scattering votes were given for Mr. Porter, Mr. Baker, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Lehman, Mr. Cunningham, and Mr. Mallary.

The members were respectively sworn, or affirmed.

The usual resolutions, for a committee to inform the Senate that the House is organized—for a committee (in conjunction with a committee of the Senate,) to inform the Governor that the General Assembly is organized, ordering the supply of newspapers to each member—and that the postage of letters and newspapers forwarded by mail, by members, be paid for by the clerk out of the contingent fund—were passed.

[The Governor's Message has been received—it occupies little more than two columns, and is much praised for its perspicuity and sound sense—we shall give such portions of it as we conceive to be interesting to our readers in our next.]

Congress.—In the Senate, on Tuesday, 3,000 copies of the Message of the President were ordered to be printed. And, on motion of Mr. Eaton, the election of Duff Green, Esq. to be printer for the Senate, was confirmed by a resolution, 25 voting for, and 19 against it.—In the House of Representatives, 6,000 copies of the Message were ordered to be printed. Mr. Condict presented a memorial from the surviving officers of the revolutionary army, praying for the payment of arrears due them for services rendered in the war of the revolution. It was referred to a select committee.

The depth of rain which fell during the last month as indicated by the rain gauge kept in the Philadelphia Labyrinth Garden, was inches 4 39-100ths.

THOMAS SMITH, Gardener.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. J. Kemper, Capt. J. P. JEFFRIES, of the Citizens' Line Steam Boats, to Miss SUSAN E. DIEHL, daughter of Mr. John Diehl, of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. William E. Ashton, Mr. GEORGE W. MATLACK, to Miss MARY ANN SPENCE, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Joseph Walker, of Marcus Hook, Mr. CHARLES STOKES, to Miss MARY G. PERKINS, both of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev Mr. Bedell, Dr. S. SHIVERS, to Miss MARY DUMBLETON, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by Dr. J. P. Wilson, Mr. ROBERT F. PRESTON, of Abington, Va. to Miss SARAH, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Marshall.

On Wednesday evening, the 5th inst. by the Rev. William E. Ashton, Mr. CLIFFTON W. BEWLEY, to Miss MARY JANE, daughter of Allan Halliday, all of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. M'Calla, Mr. MICHAEL POWER, to Miss ELIZABETH LYLE, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Engles, Mr. GEORGE WILLIS, to Miss ANN HUTSON, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. at New York, by the Rev. Mr M'Elroy, ADAM TUNIS, Esq. of New York, to Mrs. JANE MIDCAP, late of Philadelphia.

On the 3d inst. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, Mr. SAMUEL ALLEN, merchant of this city, to Miss CATHARINE R. daughter of the Hon. William Russel, Judge of the United States District Court of New Jersey.

On Monday evening, the 2d inst. by S. R. Smith, Mr. MICHAEL BRIGHT, to Miss ELIZA STEWART.

On the 10th ult. by Tiberius Jefferson Bryant, Esq. Mr. WILLIAM BLAKELEY, to Miss ISABELLA DEMUSEY, both of the District of Spring Garden, Philadelphia county.

On the 30th ult. by Tiberius Jefferson Bryant, Esq. Mr. JOHN BRADSHAW, of Manchester, Eng. to Miss SARAH BROWN, of the District of Spring Garden, Philadelphia county.

On the 4th inst. by John Shaw, Esq. Mr. JOSIAH HEWSON, to Mrs. ELIZABETH DOUGHTY, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 1st inst. by John Shaw, Esq. Mr. JOSEPH REID, to Miss ELIZA SMITH, both of the Northern Liberties.

DIED.

On the 3d inst. ALEXANDER W. son of Jacob Wing, aged 3 years.

On the 6th inst. after a short and painful illness, Mr. JESSE FERGUSON, aged 39.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH DALY.

On Friday, Nov. 30th, Mrs. MARY C. LAKE, wife of David Lake, Jun. in the 24th year of her age.

On the 20th of October, at the New Orleans, Mr. WILLIAM STICKNEY, formerly foter, of Newburyport, Mass.

On Thursday, the 6th inst. of the small-pox, PHILIP, son of Mr. Philip Apple, in the 17th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. after a short and severe illness, which he bore with exemplary fortitude and resignation, WILLIAM EVANS, aged 26 years.

On the 29th ult. Miss JANE TAYLOR, aged 18 years.

On Friday, the 30th ult. Mr. JOSEPH CLADING.

On the 30th ult. at her late residence, in Beach street, Kensington, Mrs. MARGARET SWAN, aged 29 years.

On the 30th ult. after a lingering illness, ANNA B. wife of Thomas Oliver.

On the 2d inst. WILLIAM ALLIBONE, of Pulmonary Consumption, aged 53 years.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. REBECCA, consort of Mr William Allen.

On the 4th inst. after a lingering illness, aged 63 years, Mrs. CATHARINE, relict of the late Frederick Stahl.

On the 4th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. DAVID GIBBONS, aged 63 years.

On the 3d inst. aged 2 years, ELIZABETH, daughter of Caleb Maule.

On the 29th ult. after a long illness, JAMES CURREN, aged 39 years.

On the 1st inst. MARY S. infant daughter of William McDowell.

On the 28th ult. much respected, Mrs. JEMIMA, relict of the late Richard Winter, aged 62 years.

On the 5th inst. after a long and tedious illness, which she bore with christian resignation, aged 34 years, Mrs. DEBORAH W. consort of Chas. Dawes, of this city.

On the 4th of October last, at Rio de Janeiro, of a lingering illness, Mr. THOMAS BEDWELL, jun. formerly of this city, a gentleman who possessed every estimable quality.

On the 5th ult. at Port au Prince, DAVID CORLEY, Esq. of Philadelphia, American Consul. It is reported to be very sickly at Port au Prince, many deaths among the shipping.

On the 28th ult. at his residence in Cocalico township, Lancaster county, Pa. SAMUEL MOHLER, Esq. a Member elect for that county of the House of Representatives of this state. Mr. Mohler was indisposed, previous to his election, and continued so with occasional favorable symptoms, until Wednesday morn of last week, when he expired.

On the 23th of October last, at Lagnira, MICHAEL MULLIN, a native of Philadelphia, aged about 15 years, an indented apprentice to A. H. Eldridge, master of the brig Ann, of Philadelphia.

In Concord, Cabarrus County, N. C. Mr. GEORGE YEAMAN, aged 25 years. He was formerly attached to the Philadelphia and Washington Circus, and has been extensively known as among the most celebrated Equestrian performers in the United States.

On the 3d inst. at New York, Captain B. LIES, formerly of the Mexican Navy under the command of Com. Porter, aged 41 years.

At Portsmouth, Eng. Sergeant WHIP, aged 87 years, who carried a halbert at the battle of Bunkers' Hill, and fought under King George the 2d, 3d, and 4th.

Deaths during the past week.

	Adults.	Children.	Total.
Philadelphia,	50	40	90
New York,	42	34	76
Baltimore,	11	15	26

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

The Reverend Manning B Rocke will deliver a Lecture on the 9th Chapter of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, next Wednesday evening, in the Commissioners' Hall, Southwark.

At a stated Meeting of the Mechanics Library Company, held on Monday evening, the 3d instant, the following members were duly elected Directors for the ensuing six months, viz. John Napier, Amos Lower, Francis Breisford, F. M. Hook, Michael Lobarthe, I. A. M'Clintock, Robert Hunter, James Glasgow, Joseph Goldy and G. W. Gillingham.

R. E. MORRELL, Secretary, Pro tem.

Joseph & Thomas Wood, & Co.

HAVE removed from No. 8 North Second street, to their new store, No. 65 Market street, first door above Second street, south side, where they offer for sale,

Blue, black, coloured and fancy plush and plain silk plush;
Black and coloured figured gauze, plush and plain silk plush;
Satins and gros de naps, blue, black, white, coloured and jet black;
Ribbons, figured and plain, of satin, mantua and gauze;
Black love ribbons;
Ribbons, willow sheets, millinet of linen and cotton;
Crapes and crape lisse, black, white and assorted colours;
Gimps, chenille, pipings, and other silk cords;
Blond laces, real and imitation, black and white;
Bobinet lace veils, black and white;
4-4 and 9-4 white bobinets;
Together with a large assortment of Canton and French silks, gloves, &c. Dec. 8—4t

THEATRE.

MRS. SLOMAN'S SECOND NIGHT.

THIS EVENING, Dec. 8,

Will be presented the Play, in 5 acts, called

THE STRANGER.

The Stranger, - - - Mr. Wood,
Mrs Haller, - - - Mrs. Sloman

Between the Play and Farce, A Dance by Mr. Kerr. A Song by Mr. Hoyt. A Pas De Trois, by Mr and Miss Kerr and Miss Hawthorn.

To conclude with a Petit Comedy, in 1 act, called,

CHERRY BOUNCE.

On Monday Evening, Mrs AUSTIN, (the celebrated Vocalist) of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, will make her first appearance in America, as *Rosetta, in Love in a Village.*

Mrs. SLOMAN'S third appearance will be on Tuesday, as BELVIDERA.

JUST PUBLISHED,

AND for sale at this office, the ADDRESS lately delivered before the Mechanics and Working classes of this city, by the "Unlettered Mechanic." Also for sale at J. Martiner's, No. 74 South Second street. Price 12 1-2 cents. Dec. 1—3t

DRIED PEACHES.

VIRGINIA peeled and unpeeled Peaches of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers by

SAMUEL C. MORTON & Co
Dec. 8—3t 16 South Wharves

BLACK LACE VEILS.

AN assortment of Black Lace Veils, just received and for sale (very low) by

STOKES & BUZBY,
Dec. 1—3t* No. 56 1-2 Market St.

Harmonic Society of Philadelphia.

THE Practising Meetings will be held on Monday evenings until further notice.

Dec. 8—2t THOMAS R. GREENBANK, Secretary.

LOST CHILD.

LEFT her home on the morning of the 3d inst. Ann Barr, an indented servant, 11 years of age, both, of small stature, had on a green silk bonnet, black cloth cloak with cape, leather boots, olive coloured domestic flannel frock, and white muslin apron with sleeves. Any information respecting her will be thankfully received at the N. W. corner of Arch and Eighth streets.

N. B. All persons are cautioned against harbouring said girl. Dec. 8—1t*

The New Waverly Novel.

THE Chronicles of the Canongate, for sale very cheap by J. GRIGG, No. 9, North 4th street. "Hope Leslie," and all the new Novels for sale as above. dec 8—2t

Mills, Store and Land for Sale,

Situate in the Village of New Egypt, in the County of Monmouth, state of New Jersey. The Mills are in complete order, with two run of burrs and a sufficiency of water to drive them, with a Carding Machine attached, in good order. Likewise, a Saw Mill, almost new. Also, a good assortment Store, with every convenience for taking in Pork upon an extensive scale.

The dwelling House is a large two story, finished in the most fashionable manner, with dry cellars under the whole, and a two story kitchen back, with a pump of good water under cover. The outbuildings are a Carriage House, Barn, Stables, Cow House, Corn Crib, Ice House, &c. Also, tenements for sawyer, miller, farmer, &c. and one hundred acres of good land, about twenty-five of which is excellent bottom meadow.

Any person wishing to view the premises, will please apply to WILLIAM GARRETT, at the store, or to the subscriber. DANIEL CORNWELL.

N. B. Also, about seventeen acres of Cedar Swamp, being part of Wood Swamp, about four miles from Egypt.

Dec. 8—4t

TO BE SOLD,

*At Public Vendue on the premises

Variety's the very spice o' life,
That gives it all its flavour.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LOGOGRAPH.

I have a beginning, and my career terminates in the boundless main. I am sometimes placid and often very boisterous; my course is extremely free. I am sometimes regular and irregular. I have numerous bends and turns. I am a type of passing events. I am composed of blood, fire, and water: I form cascades, dams and rivers. I have my rise and fall. I am great and diminutive. My power at certain seasons is much dreaded, but my demeanour, generally speaking, is perfectly harmless and indispensable. I am perpetual motion, but not unfrequently find my level, and become stationary. I have now furnished you with my whole. But should you divide me, detach me, and transpose me, you can make me represent a deserter—a vapour—a texture composed of sedge, flags, or rushes—a mark—a quadruped—a sportsman—by quarter where the Sun rises—a human organ—twenty quires of paper—a luminous body—a motion of motion—The fruit of the oak and beech—a collection of water—a tax imposed—an injury—a violent or sympathetic passion—a wager at dice—food in general—a companion—to take a course at sea—a cask of State—a proprietor—a piece of public traffic—a house—a seaman—an act of incubation—a fixed look—as being subdued—as dry—contamination—an instrument to batter walls—any number passing in a line—scarce—the forepart of a ship. And many more too tedious to enumerate. Now

NAME ME IF YOU CAN.

A minister and his elders, at Montrose, Scotland, were some years ago engaging a man to act as parish sexton. Having heard the terms of agreement, he affected to be somewhat shy. As an inducement for Duncan to accept, he was told that he should have a half-a-crown for digging each adult's grave. "Aweel," quoth he; "but will ye uphaud me o' constant wark, Sirs?" "God forbid!" was the reply.

Two men, in dispute, reflected upon each other's veracity. One of them replied, that he was never whipt but once by his father, and that was for telling the truth. "I believe then (retorted the other) the truth was whipt out of you, for you never have spoken it since."

Dean Swift says "It is *little with souled people* as it is with narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out."

Scholar.—The life that is devoted to knowledge passes silently away, and is very little diversified by events. To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.—*Rasselas.*

A Frenchman, moving lately in a boat on the New York canal, was near getting his head broke by popping it up just as the boat was passing under a bridge. "Morbleu, Captain, (cried he) for why you tell me *look out! look out!*" But the Dutch carpenter was as much in fault, whose constant call, when throwing rubbage from the roof of a house was, "*stan under!*"

Lord Kelly had a remarkable red face. One day Foote solicited him to look over his garden wall to ripen his melons.

Oldys, the historian, having been for several years in the Fleet Prison, had contracted such habits and connexions there, that when he was at length enlarged, he made a frequent practice to spend the evenings there, and lodge with some friend all night. Rapping at the door one night, rather late, the keeper reprimanded him for giving him such constant trouble, adding "that, though he had a great regard for him, yet if he kept such hours in future, he must be under the necessity of *locking him out.*"

An Indian chief of the Creek Nation, being once appointed to negociate a treaty of peace with the people of South Carolina, was desired by the Governor and council to speak his mind freely and not be afraid for he was among his friends. "I will speak freely, I will not be afraid, (said he) for why should I be afraid among my friends, who never am afraid among my enemies?"

An Irish footman having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee; but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head and said, "Sir, if my master should say, Paddy, what did the gentleman give you, what would your honour have me to tell him?"

The Emperor Nicholas has just created a new mark of distinction, under the denomination of *decoration of merit without reproach*, for the reward of civil and military services. The decoration consists of a square buckle of silver, gilt, on which is represented a wreath of oak leaves, and upon the wreath are Roman figures, which mark the number of the years of service. The persons who obtain this distinction may introduce it into their armorial bearings and seals. At death, the decorations returns to the Chapter of the Imperial Order.

"NO TRUST."

This should be the motto in every bar room. If well observed it would be for the advantage both of the landlord and the customers. The landlord would sell less but get more money; the customer would drink less, work more, advance his own comfort and reputation, and the happiness of his family. A bar book is the ruin of thousands. It affords so great a facility for a man to get rum where his pockets are empty, that he will take but little pains to fill them by his industrious habits. Besides the man who takes his frequent drams, his slings, his gall-busters, his phlegm cutters, his anti-fogmatics, his eleven o'clocks and his four o'clocks, is not aware of what an enormous bill he is running up; and if he were required to launch the ready four-pence for every glass, would often look twice at the money before he allowed it to escape his fingers.

MARRIAGE.

Nature and Nature's God smile upon the union that is sweetened by love, and sanctified by law. The sphere of our affection is enlarged, and our pleasures take a wider range. We become more important and respected among men, and existence itself is doubly enjoyed with this our softer self. Misfortune loses half its anguish beneath the soothing influence of her smiles, and triumph becomes more triumphant, when shared with her. Without her, what is man? A roving and restless being; driven at pleasure by romantic speculation and cheated into misery by futile hopes; the mad victim of untamed passions; and the disappointed pursuer of fruitless joys. But with her he awakens to a new life. He follows a path wider and nobler than the narrow road to self-aggrandizement; that is scattered with more fragrant flowers and illuminated by a clearer light.

It was *economy* and *industry* that placed the printer's boy, Franklin, at the table of Kings, and rendered his name illustrious throughout the earth, as the friend and patron of Mankind! he who possesses either of them can never be poor; he who possesses them both must inevitably be rich and honoured.

Let your economy be abstract and rational, not comparative when opposed by the prodigality of others.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,
BY JUDAH DOBSON,
No. 108 CHESNUT STREET,
PRICE $1 25,
THE FORGET-ME-NOT,
FOR 1828:
ELEGANTLY BOUND WITH GILT EDGES.
Embellished with 13 beautiful Engravings, Six of which are coloured,
And consisting of upwards of 300 pages, 18mo.

CONTENTS.

Introduction. The Wanderer's Dream. *Illustration*; Introduction to an Album; The Moss Rose and Dragon Plant, *(coloured engravings)*; Lines with the Flower "Forget-me-not;" Annette's Grave, by the Author of Tales for "Leisure Hours;" Remember Me; Virginia after the death of his daughter; *J. B. P.* In the winter to be gloomy and sad, *Bygone*; Vanderlock's Love Marriage Home, a German Legend; Wedded Love, a Fragment; Woman, *Sheridan*; The Last Tear of the Parent; The Poet's Song; "Amid the West," &c. Anne Boleyn, from the *French*; Indian Sagacity; On the Privileges of the Female Sex; Kindred Hearts, Stanzas. *Byron*; The Sisters; Song. L. E. L. On French Oaths. *Maria Edgeworth*; Protestant of Agra; The Hour of Eve. *J. B. P.* The Rivals; Logic, *Sterling*; The Blind Boy; Invocation to Italy; The Answer, *Merry*; Song, "The Sun is sneering;" Sic. Importunity, *Burke*; The Living and the Dead, *Percival*; Miss Corinne; Corsican Citizen; Venetian Tale, *J. B. P.* Oliver Cromwell; An Adventure; Upon Kemeline's Monument, *B. B. P.* The Hunting Alderman; Memories of a Beautiful Woman; Washington; Fear of Sea; Milton; Sweet Love; Washington's Tomb, *(an engraving.)* Rise and Fall of Nations; Blunders; John Dennis, or the Hoarse in the Nose; Female Beauty and Ornaments; Mrs. Wollstonecraft and Miss Hood; To the Ivy, Mrs. *Hemans*; Fame, *James Butler*; Jan Schellken's Three Wishes; The Water Lady, a Legend; Bianca to a Beauty; Quicksee, *(an engraving;)* Imitation of Persian Poetry; Josephine, the German Emigrant, by a Lady of Philadelphia; Sir G. Sendee; Romance Education, *Sylvanus*; The Temple of Butterflies, Dean Swift; The Elm Tree at Kensington, *(an engraving;)* Verses, by a Lady of Philadelphia; Assassin Pearl, the Somnambulist; The Magnolia and the Tulip, *(coloured engravings;)* On a Sailor's Funeral at Sea; The Bridal, *Sidney*; Song, "The Health this night must be my bed;" The Poor Scholar *E. P.* Indian Medal, *(an engraving;)* The Midnight Murder; The Trenton Falls, *(an engraving;)* To Monadnock, *Wm. P. M. Wood*; Neatness and Taste; The Contrast; Song, by Mrs. *Opie*; Society and Solitude, Venus's Fly Trap and Night Blowing Cereus, *(coloured engravings;)* Reverses, a Tale of the Past Season; Lines to a Lady, *W.* Witches and other Night Fears; Changes; Ellen, a sketch from "Scenes and Thoughts," by *Washington Irving*; The grave, *H.* Fair Mount Water Works, *(an engraving;)* The Neapolitan Post Office, by *Kershaw*; The Tea Tree; Song of the Flowers on the approach of Winter, *Selim*; A Dream of By-Past Times; The Cluiers; The Cat, original, T. *H. S.* Autumn; A Mother's Joys; Passaic Falls. *(an engraving;)* The two Fountains; Sketch from Real Life, *Maria*. nov 24—tf

PULMEL,

A Specific Remedy to Cure and Prevent the

CONSUMPTION.

This valuable new remedy was lately discovered by a gentleman of great Medical, Chemical and Botanical knowledge, in Philadelphia. It has been found effectual in producing immediate relief, removing gradually all the symptoms, and curing this formidable decease; also in preventing the formation of the disease in those liable to it.

The PULMEL is a new article of Materia Medica, formed by the chemical combinations of several powerful vegetable substances, acting on the lungs and the whole system; it contains no deleterious nor poisonous substances. The smell and taste are sweet, balsamic and pleasant; it may be used in any way, and even in large doses without injury; but ought always to be largely diluted when taken internally. Many preparations may be made with it, the Syrup for internal use, and the Balsam for inhalation, have been adopted at present as very convenient. The Syrup may be taken warm or cold, in milk, chocolate, lemonade, &c. a table spoonful is a dose, from 2 to 6 doses may be taken daily. The steam of the Balsam must be inhaled in any convenient way; doses the same as the Syrup; but none is to be taken internally, while the Syrup may also be inhaled, although weaker for that purpose. To prevent the disease in those predisposed, a daily dose of the Syrup will do.

The medical properties of the PULMEL are tonic, refrigerant, attenuative, sedative, balsamic, healing, resolvent, deobstruent, pectoral, diaphoretic, antiseptic, anaseptic, diuretic and anti-scrofulous. The effects on the system are healthy expectoration, absence of cough, renewal of strength, removal of hectic fever, and healing of the lungs.

A careful, light but nourishing diet must be adhered to while using the PULMEL; and suitable auxiliaries must be employed, according to the periods of the disease, which are five—1 Incipient, 2 Inflammatory, 3 Confirmed, 4 Hectic, 5 Typhus; and according to the kinds of Consumption or Phthisis, which are 28, such as Catarrhal, Dyspeptic, Scrofulous, Nervous, Asthmatic, Oneal, Tracheal, Ulcerous, &c. The PULMEL will avail in all, and even cure the cancer in the lungs, by a peculiar application; but it cures only Consumptives; when a constitutional kind or a complication of diseases exist, a special treatment is required, and able physicians must be consulted. The discoverer of the PULMEL will furnish written consultations and ample directions, upon a medical statement of any peculiar case, for a fee of $10.

In general all the kinds of Phthisis may be known, by 3 general symptoms—1 habitual cough, 2 pain in the breast, 3 emaciation. Cold and exercises must be avoided, as well as calomel, bleeding, and spiritous liquors: the *Digitalis, Sanguinaria* baths and blisters used but sparingly. The milk and broth diet, as well as exercise, will be useful in the first stages. In the last stages, rich concentrated food is required.

A single pound of Syrup of Pulmel will afford relief; but several pounds are required to effect a radical cure, according to the state and stage of the disease. The Balsam will always be needed when there is sores or tubercles in the lungs. It is confidently expected that 80 patients out of 100 can recover by the use of the PULMEL, and Consumption become as easily curable as a common fever; while now at least 80 out of 100 patients die of it.

The Syrup and Balsam of PULMEL sell for $2 the pound, or $1 the half pound bottle. The manufacture of it is tedious; but orders may be supplied with in 30 days. Discount 25 per cent. in wholesale. All communications and applications for the PULMEL, must be made to AITKINSON & ALEXANDER,
Philadelphia.

THE PULMEL,

Is now manufactured and to be had of the following named Druggists in the city of Philadelphia.

John Hart & Son, No. 19 south 3d street.
P. Williamson, N. E. corner 2d and Almond sts.
Thos. Oliver, N. E. corner Front and Catharine.
R. C. Sheppard, 176 south 9th st. below Walnut.
Edward B. Garrigues, N. W. corner 6th and Market streets.
Frederick Brown, N. E. corner of Fifth and Chesnut Streets.
Mr. Garretson, N. W. corner of 8th and Race sts.
Wm. Rorandt, S. W. corner 6 and Wood sts.
Joseph Reakirt, N. E. corner 3d and Callowhill streets.
Wm. Scattergood, corner of 3d and Green streets, and
At the Office of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 118 Chesnut street. nov 10—tf

MISSES BARNARD'S ACADEMY FOR LADIES,

Back of No. 1 Bread, and 77 Arch Street,

Will be opened on Monday the 26th inst. where the various branches of an English education will be taught, comprising Reading, Plain and Ornamental Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, with the use of the Globes, Composition, Drawing and velvet Painting; together with a variety of fancy work, including Cotton, Rug, Tambour, Bead and the new style of Lace work. Lessons in any of the above branches, given separately if required.
Terms made known on application. nov 17—tf

SPLENDID SCHEME, OF THE
Union Canal Lottery, 35th Class
To be Drawn on the 26th Dec.
SCHEME.

	Prize of	$24,000	39 Prizes of	$100
1	- -	6,000	39	80
1	- -	3,000	39	60
1	- -	2,500	39	50
1	- -	1,910	39	40
5	- -	1,000	78	30
5	- -	600	312	20
5	- -	400	4,446	10

For Capital Prizes call at R. DAVIS, & CO'S Office, 24 North Third St. opposite Hewken's Hotel. Where have been sold one prize of $20,000—one of $6,000—five of $1,000—twenty of $500, besides a large number of 100, 50, &c. &c. nov 24—tf

JOHN P. FIRENG'S,
Wholesale Jewelry Manufactory,

Is removed from No. 426 North Second street, to No 124 North Fifth street, above Race street, where he intends to carry on the above business.
N. B. All orders in his line of business will be thankfully received and punctually attended to. Oct. 6—3m*

OLD ESTABLISHED
Philadelphia Intelligence Office,

No. 4, South Fifth street, third door below Minor street

Procures houses and parts, Boarders Checks, Housekeepers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Porters, Barkeepers, Coachmen, Waiters, Labores, Seamstresses, Farming men, Grooms, Cooks and House Servants of every description. Also, Wet Nurses. To bind, white and coloured boys and girls, of different ages. The above established agent relies on the patronage of the public, and particularly on those in the habit of employing persons, whose conduct of the same is respectfully solicited; and the proprietor will endeavour, aided by their patronage, to conduct it in such a manner as to give universal satisfaction, and make the office worthy of their patronage and support. Persons of every description, having good recommendations or references, will find every facility in supplying themselves who come.
☞ Office open every evening until 8 o'clock.
aug 4—1yr

The patronage that has already been extended to the Casket, has not only exceeded our most sanguine expectations, but, if we mistake not, is unprecedented in the annals of monthly literature—This success has induced us to intend to give the work a more attractive form for the ensuing year, as well to its literary departments, as in its decorations and typographical arrangements. A new font of type has been procured, upon which it is to be printed; the size and number of the pages will be considerably extended and enlarged; and paper superior to that now used, will be employed in its publication; meantime, that every department may exhibit a corresponding degree of improvement, arrangements have been entered into with artists for various decorations and ornaments. The usual number of copper-plates will be found, and it is proposed to furnish each number with two wood engravings, instead of one, as now published. The wood engravings representing scenes, or referring to incidents familar or interesting to most of our readers, will be accompanied by well written descriptions of events and exhibitions connected with the picture—each reflecting upon the other's interest and value.

It is our intention to render the Casket interesting to the various classes of readers to whom periodical literature generally addresses itself; we shall then feel called upon to search, with unwearied attention and assiduity, for the most interesting contents of foreign magazines, while a proper inducement will be held out for native writers to contribute a portion of their labours to enrich our Casket.

These regulations can be effected without any sacrifice of that light reading, and general magazine of small paragraphs, that must enter into all literary works; inasmuch as the size of the work will be very considerably enlarged—its contents, therefore, may assume a more diversified form, and boast an increase of solid matter.

The price of the Casket will be $3 50 per annum, payable within three months after the receipt of the 1st number—but, if the subscription is paid in advance, $3 50 will be received as payment in full.

The arrangements that we have made for the publication of the Casket, warrant us in assuring its patrons, that it shall equal, in attraction, any work of the kind that has been published; while its price is scarcely half that of the most ordinary monthly publications.

The Patrons of the Casket, who intend to continue the work after the present year, will please to intimate their wishes by sending in the subscription in advance—the increasing expenses of the paper, printing, engravings, &c. render it absolutely necessary for us to be furnished with the means of meeting expenditures promptly.

ATKINSON & ALEXANDER,
Philadelphia.

It may be well to state, that the "Casket for 1827," will form a distinct volume, at $3 50 per annum; and, on its completion, contain thirty-six splendid engravings, with nearly 500 pages of letter-press printing, constituting one of the *cheapest* publications in the United States. A few of the numbers can be supplied to future subscribers.

Those Editors who have already politely favored us with a notice of the work, will enhance the obligation, and entitle themselves to another copy of it by giving this a few insertions.

NOTICE TO EVAN DAVID.

Whereas JOSHUA DAVID of Newcastle, Del. deceased, desirous by his late Will and Testament, a share of his property to his brother Evan David in case he should be living, this is to give notice to the said Evan David, to come forward and claim his share of the said property.
Published pursuant to the last Will and Testament of Joshua David. ELISHA DAVID,
June 16—1y* Newcastle county, Del.

To Country Merchants and Others.

JOHN BEMENT & CO.

No. 5, north Third Street.
(Successors to the late Mr. Samuel Hoffman.)

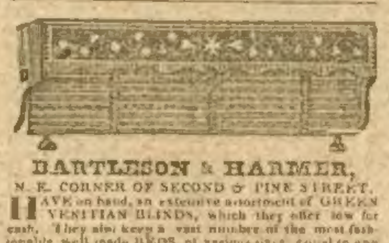
Respectfully inform the Customers of the late Mr. Samuel Hoffman, as well as the public in general, that they have now on hand, a large and general assortment of Tortoise Shell, Dark, Neck, and Side Combs, 2,000 dozen imitation Dark do. various sizes. Also, Ivory, Crescent, Dressing, Ridding, Side, Neck, Long, and Pocket Combs, of various sizes and qualities, which they offer for sale, at the above mentioned establishment—at wholesale only—for cash or approved paper. Country Merchants and others are requested to call and examine the assortment.
All orders attended to with despatch.
N. B. Cash and the highest price given for Country and Spanish Horns. sept 29—3m

HARDWARE STORE.

LESLEY & MEREDITH, No 241 Market, above 6th street, have just opened a complete assortment of

HARDWARE & CUTLERY,

Consisting of Locks, Latches, and Hinges, of all kinds; Screws, Pullies, Nails, Brass ware, Edge tools, Planes, Files, Andirons, shovel and tongs, spoons and shovels, knives and forks razors, scissors, pen and pocket knives, spoons, hollow ware, &c. &c. &c. which they will sell, Wholesale or Retail, at very reduced prices. oct 27—3m.



BARTLESON & HARMER,

N. E. CORNER OF SECOND & PINE STREET.

Have on hand, an extensive assortment of GREEN VENITIAN BLINDS, which they offer low for cash. They also keep a vast number of the most fashionable well made BEDS, of various sizes, equal to any ever offered for sale on this continent. feb 3—tf

TO PRINTERS.

Second hand TYPE FOR SALE.—488 lbs. Minion, Hansleden's cast; 248 lb. Long Primer, do; 410 lb. Small Pica, do; 320 lb. do. do. do; 190 lb. do. do. White's do; 400 lb. do. do. do.
☞ The two last only have been used in stereotyping. Apply (if by letter, post paid) to J. HOWE,
nov 24—tf Corner of Cherry and Callowhill streets.

TROTTER'S GENUINE
Pectoral Balsam of Horehound,

For Coughs, Colds, Asthmas, Consumption, Shortness of Breath, Hooping Cough, &c.

The following certificate is from the Rev. Absalom Day, of Norwalk, Connecticut.

"Feeling gratitude for the benefit received, and wishing my fellow men to be benefitted in the same way, I feel induced to make the following declaration: For about four years I was afflicted with a violent cough, attended with all the symptoms of a confirmed pulmonary complaint. On great was my debility, that I was unable to attend to my business or public duties; my friends all thought me in a decline; and after taking every medicine recommended, without effect, I was resigned to my fate, and looked forward to the grave as the only place of relief.

It was at this time that I heard of Trotter's Balsam of Horehound, prepared by Mr. James D. Oram, of New York. I was induced to try it, when surprising to relate, the first bottle afforded relief, and by continuing to use it, I have been restored to my usual health and strength; and I can cheerfully recommend it to all those afflicted in the manner, as the most beneficial medicine now in use. (signed) ABSALOM DAY."
Oct. 5, 1827.

The above valuable medicine is for sale by Robert Pearsall, Jr. corner of Market and Third streets, Philadelphia; and in New York by O. Hall, 8, Co. 231, Broadway, by J. D. Oram, 345 Broadway, and L. Pendleton, corner of Broadway and Grand street.
nov 24—tf

WILLIAMS OGLE,

Clock and Watch Maker, 9, South 6th St.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has commenced business at the above place, where all orders in his line will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to. He will also keep on hand an assortment of Watches, Jewelry, &c.
N. B. Clocks and Watches carefully repaired and warranted to give satisfaction. Philada. Nov. 24—tf.

CHARCOAL.

Orders for Oak or Pine COAL, left at No. 46 Dock street, will be immediately supplied, in the city or country adjoining, by the subscriber, who brings in and keeps on hand a good supply.
nov 3—tf THOMAS KINSEY, Jr.

PIANO FORTES,

Manufactured, repaired, and tuned, in a satisfactory manner, (if not there will be no charge,) by CONRAD MEYERS,
No. 248, North Penn Street.
Or a line addressed to him and left at this Office, or at the Post Office, will be promptly attended to. July 14

JUST PUBLISHED,
And for Sale by DAVID CLARK, No. 118 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia,
DR. WATT'S
PSALMS AND HYMNS,

Arranged by Dr. RIPPON, with Dr. Rippon's Selection, in one volume, with two handsome engravings; printed on very fine paper, from New Stereotype Plates, and strongly bound, at $1 25 per copy. To booksellers and others who purchase larger quantities, a liberal discount will be made. May 11, 1827—tf

TO RENT.

A LARGE ROOM, in a central part of the city, near the Post Office, suitable for a Seminary, or Mechanical business. Rent low. Enquire at this Office. oct 20—tf

PARKER'S
Vegetable Renovating
PANACEA.

EQUAL TO SWAIM'S,
AND ONE DOLLAR CHEAPER!

A TIMELY use of this PANACEA will prevent Consumption, as it carries off the complaints that terminate in this fatal and wide spreading disease. It is a well known fact that more die with this disease than of any other to which the human family is exposed. Indeed it has spread to such an alarming extent, and is so certain in its operation, when once it has got the ascendancy, that we cannot be too careful in nipping in the bud the diseases that generate it.

In cases where mercury has been used, the effects of which remain in the system, it is an invaluable medicine. It restores the constitution to its wonted vigor and soundness, and completely eradicates the evils that attend it, and many can bear testimony to its good effects in this particular.

In Rheumatisms it is particularly beneficial; its effects are such as completely to remove the complaint.

In Consumptions, Scrofula, or King's Evil, Liver Complaint, Tumours, Dispepsia, Tetter, Ulcers, Putrid Sore Throat, Syphilitic and Pseudo Syphilitic, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, it will be found of eminent service.

This PANACEA is equal to any in use; it is pleasant to the taste, and requires no alteration in the diet—spiritous liquors are to be avoided.

The printed directions will accompany the Panacea.—Price $1 per bottle, and $10 dollars per dozen.

JOHN A. PARKER.
209 *North Eighth Street, four doors above Wood.*
REMEMBER!—"PARKER'S PANACEA;" equal to Swaim's, or any other, and One Dollar cheaper.

May be had genuine of John Hart & Son, No. 18 S. Second street; Edward B Garrigues, corner of Sixth and Market streets; Thomas Oliver, N. E. corner of Front and Catharine streets; P. Williamson, N. E. corner of Second and Almond streets; S. C. Sheppard, No. 176 South Ninth street, below Walnut; Wm. Rorandt, S. W. corner of Fourth and Wood streets; —— Scattergood, corner of Second and Green streets; —— Garretson, Northwest corner of Race and Fifth streets.
CERTIFICATES, and Directions for using, accompany each Bottle—Price $2

UNION CANAL LOTTERY,

THIRTY-FIFTH CLASS—NEW SERIES.
To Draw, December 26th.
45 Numbers—4 Drawn Ballots.
SCHEME.

	Prize of	$25,000	39 Prizes of	$100
1	- -	6,000	39	80
1	- -	3,000	39	60
1	- -	2,500	39	50
1	- -	1,910	39	40
5	- -	1,000	78	30
5	- -	600	312	20
5	- -	400	4,446	10
Tickets,	- - -	$10 00	Quarters, - - -	$2 50
Halves,	- - -	5 00	Tenths, - - -	1 00

Tickets and Shares for sale at OLIVER'S
No. 4 1-2 South Third Street,
Where was sold and paid in recent Lotteries: one Prize of $30,000, 1 of 30,000, 2 of 18,000, 5 of 20,000, 3 of 15,000, 5 of 10,000, 2 of 8,000, 1 of 6,000, 3 of 5,000, 10 of 2,000, 5 of 1,000, with numerous others of 3,000, 2,000, 1,500, &c. &c. amounting in all to upwards of one Million of Dollars. nov 24—tf

STUCKERT'S
DRUG STORE,

Where Medical advice will be given for a disease ruinous to the constitution. Also, for diseases of every description.

No. 33 N. FOURTH STREET,

Half way between Cherry and Race streets, (east side

STUCKERT'S PANACEA.

After sickness or diseases of every kind, in children or grown persons, this Panacea will create a new and healthy action in the system. The most respectable certificates can be produced as to its efficacy in destroying all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, morbid action in the system, constitutional syphilis, mercurial diseases, scrofula, liver complaint, sore throat, King's evil, ulcers, tumors, pimples or eruptions on the face, rheumatism, tetter, and general debility. It is an excellent medicine for creating an appetite, also for relaxations of the stomach, and decays of the constitution.—Price 75 cents per quarter bottle.

Stuckert's Anti-Bilious Pills for foul stomach, headache, costiveness, and bilious habits.—Small box 6 cents large 12.

Stuckert's Ague and Fever Drops.—Small bottles 12 1-2 large do. 25.

Stuckert's Pearl Powder, for destroying pimples on the face, and whitening the skin.—Small papers 6 cents, large do. 12 1-2.

Stuckert's Scorbutic Tooth Powder, for preserving and whitening the teeth.—Small boxes 6 cents, large do 12 1-2.

Stuckert's Head-ache Powders, for Head ache, Heartburn, and Acidity or Sourness of the Stomach.

Stuckert's Tooth-Ache Drops—12 1-2 cents per bottle. oct 13—tf

GEORGE W. FARR,

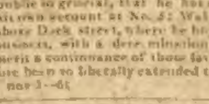
WOOLLEN DRAPER & TAILOR,
No. 204 MARKET STREET,
Next door above the Red Lion Hotel.

Has received by late arrivals from London an elegant assortment of blue, black, citron, claret, bronze, green, brown, mixed, and a variety of fancy coloured Cloths and Cassimeres, Hirtz, Lewis, Heck & Henry manufacture. Also, a variety of English black and blue Silk Vestings, Barratheas, plain and figured Marseilles, fancy and plain Silk Velvets, Tabinets, Valencia, figured and plain Cravats, plain and ruffled linen and cotton Shirts, Collars, &c. Gloves, Stockings, English and German Silk Handkerchiefs, all of which will be sold from ten to fifteen per cent. lower than they can be purchased in the United States. Medical students, Country Merchants and others visiting the city, will please to call and examine the above.
N. B. One years credit will be given to all regular Orders, or a liberal discount for cash. march 24—1y

PAINTING & GLAZING.

James Wilson, of the late firm of Jewell & Wilson, House Painters and Glaziers, would respectfully inform his friends and those of the late firm, and the public in general, that he has commenced business on his own account at No. 45 Walnut Street, a few doors above Dock street, where he hopes, by strict attention to business, with a desire to please, to give satisfaction, to merit a continuance of those favours which have heretofore been so liberally extended to said firm.
nov 3—tf

Mr. Plantou's Uncorruptible
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,



Approved by the Medical Society and the Franklin Institute, are too well known to need eulogium. Experience has proved them to be far superior to any other kind of artificial teeth. He performs also, all operations relative to his profession at a reasonable charge.
DRAWING.—His wife continues to take Likenesses in oil and Monotone, and to teach the Ladies the art of Drawing, at south Fourth, corner of Prune street.
sept 29—3m*

"Tales for Leisure Hours,"

Comprising twelve serials; a volume of 162 pages, neatly bound in boards, price 50 cents, or 75 cents if coming by mail—may be had of CAREY, LEA and CAREY, S. R. corner of Chesnut and Fourth; JUDAH DOBSON, No. 108 Chesnut street; and at this Office.

Information Wanted.

A LAD named GEORGE HENNEY went away from a man he was working with, on a farm, near Frankford, (Penn.) July 14, 1824; he was seen on his road to Bristol, but has not since been heard of; he had asked of having a wish to learn the weaving business; he was near 14 years of age, 5 feet 4 or 5 inches high, broad shouldered, and rather asleep when he walked. He was then lately from Cumberland, England. Whoever will ascertain any account either of his life or death will be rewarded with 10 dollars, besides the thanks of his distressed parents.
Letters to be directed to GEORGE HENNEY, care of James Irvin, corner of Eleventh and Filbert streets.
Editors of newspapers will oblige a distressed family by inserting the above. aug 24—3t*

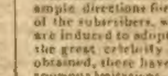
SADDLERY, HARNESS,
AND COACH FURNITURE.

H. & P. A. HUBER, offer for Sale, at No. 40 North Third street, opposite Haskell's Hotel, a large and general assortment of imported and American articles, used by Saddlers, Harness, and Coach Makers, at the lowest prices for cash or acceptances—consisting of all the varieties of plated, brass, tinned, Japanned steel, iron, wood, wool & cotton, and lace furniture, together with constant supply of horse skins. June 23—tf.

CANARY, MOCKING & RED BIRDS.

A LARGE collection of Canary, Mocking and red BIRDS for sale at No. 173 Cherry st. the first house above 6th st. feb 4—1y

LEWIS TEESE,



Fashionable Hat Manufacturer, No. 33 South third st. below Chesnut street, where hats of any description may be obtained by Whole sale and Retail, which, for beauty and durability, and excellence of materials, are equal to any in the city. Fine Beaver, Castor and Russon Hats, also, Imitation Beaver, which he offers for sale at very low prices. Country Merchants will find it their interest to call, as the subscriber flatters himself he will give general satisfaction.
An elegant assortment of short nap & over hats, gentlemen that are in the habit of wearing short napt hats are invited to call and examine them.
N. B.—Hats of any shape or quality made to order, at the shortest notice. June 9—3m

DR. CHAMBERS'
REMEDY FOR INTEMPERANCE.

The Subscriber, on the decease of the late Dr. William Chambers, took into his possession the personal estate of the deceased, and found, prepared, a large quantity of Dr. Chambers' Remedy for Intemperance.
He hereby informs the public, that he has disposed of all the medicine so found, to Dr. James Hart, and Mr. Andrew M. Fanning, of this city.
In making the disposition, the subscriber has been actuated by a due regard to the interests of the heirs of the intestate, as well as to give the most extensive use to the virtues of the discovery, wherever they may be; and he can further add, with confidence, that the gentlemen who will hereafter be the vendors of the Remedy for Intemperance, as prepared by the inventor, have been intimately connected with Dr. Chambers in his life time, have been his agents in compounding the medicine, and are acquainted with its composition.
SYLVANUS MILLER,
Public Administrator, &c.

☞ The medicine will hereafter be prepared and sold by the subscribers, who alone are in possession of the original receipe of the inventor, at the office of the late Dr. Chambers, in the basement story of Rutger's Medical College, in Duane street, east side of Broadway, and at the Medical store of Dr. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, three doors from the Washington Hall, New York.
The astonishing success which this remedy has obtained in restoring habitual inebriates to sobriety, has established its virtues beyond all contradiction, and supercedes the necessity of any further comment.
All that is required, to ensure its specific effect, is to abide strictly by the directions. It is put up in packages sufficient for one individual cure, and accompanied with ample directions for its use, signed in the hand-writing of the subscribers, without which none are genuine. We are induced to adopt this measure, as, in consequence of the great celebrity which Dr. Chambers' medicine has obtained, there have been, and doubtless will be, many spurious imitations. The enclosing to us the usual price, $5, postage paid, the medicine can be sent by mail. To those who are unable to pay, on personal application of the individual at our offices, the medicine will be administered gratis.
JAMES N. HART, M. D.
A. M. FANNING,
Successors to W. Chambers.
A supply of the above celebrated medicine is receive and for sale by WM. MOORHEAD,
No. 312 South Second street, Philadelphia.
And at ELLIS & MORRIS' Drug and Chemical Store, 50 Chesnut street, (late Marshall's.)
sept 8—3m

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Van Pelt & M'Ilhenney, Dentists and Incorruptible Teeth Manufacturers, No. 114 Walnut, between Third and Fourth streets, request the attention of the public to the following certificate:

"We the subscribers having examined specimens of Incorruptible Teeth, manufactured by Van Pelt & M'Ilhenney, Dentists of Philadelphia, feel no hesitation in recommending them to the public, as possessing in a superior degree, the qualities of cleanliness, durability, and beauty of form and colour.

JAMES RUSH, M. D.
JAMES MEASE, M. D.
S. CALHOUN, M. D.
JOHN D. THOMAS, M. D.
RICHD. WILMOT HALL,
M. D. Professor of Obstetrics in the Baltimore Medical College.

EDWIN A. ATLEE, M. D.
THOMAS P. JONES, M. D.
Professor of Chemistry in the Franklin Institute.
R. M. PATTERSON, M. D.
Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chymistry in the University of Pennsylvania.
JOS. PARRISH, M. D.
GEO. M'CLELLAN, M. D.
Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson College.

Specimens of the Teeth may be seen at their office, where all operations connected with their profession, will meet with prompt and particular attention.
nov 3—tf

Highly Interesting
TO THE AFFLICTED.

The Public are respectfully informed that Anderson's COUGH DROPS and *Pectoral Powders* have, from an extensive use for 3 years past, proved themselves to be one of the most valuable remedies ever yet discovered for the cure of Coughs, Colds and other affections of the breast and lungs leading to Consumption. Thousands have experienced the happy effects of this Healing Balsam, and many of the highest respectability have voluntarily given certificates, some of which will accompany each bottle, that will satisfy every unprejudiced mind that the most extraordinary and unexpected cures have been performed by the use of this medicine in cases of long standing, in which other medicine had produced no favourable effects, and where the most skilful physicians had given them up as hopeless. It is not pretended that they are an infallible cure in all cases, but of such as are incurable, there are but few but what will be greatly relieved by the use of them. Scarcely a case of Colds, Coughs, Pain in the side, difficulty of breathing, want of sleep, arising from debility, or even seated consumption, but may be relieved by a timely use of this Healing Balsam. Each Dollar Bottle of the medicine contains about 40 doses, which proves them to be a cheap medicine considering their virtues.
Sold Wholesale and Retail by E. & C. Yarrell, & Co. I. Thornton, T. W. Dyott, Bettle & Jenkins, and Smith & Pearsall. nov 17—6m

CANARIES,

A LOT of handsome CANARIES, for sale by the pair, or together—a bargain. Enquire at this Office, or at 17 Branch street. oct 20—tf

PRINTERS' GUIDE,

New EDITION, for sale by J. Howe. Also a good second hand Ramage PRESS, super royal size, with an iron bed. nov 10—tf

UNION CANAL LOTTERY.
THIRTY-FIFTH CLASS—NEW SERIES.
To be drawn on the 26th Dec.
SCHEME.

1	prize of	$24,000	is	$24,000
1	do.	6,000		6,000
1	do.	3,000		3,000
1	do.	2,500		2,500
1	do.	1,910		1,910
5	do.	1,000		5,000
5	do.	600